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Wm. H. Thompson

Thompson, Lloyd O  
Jor old Eli...

1909.





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Book \_\_\_\_\_

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# FOR OLD ELI

A Comedy of Pale Life in 4 Acts

BY

LOYD OSCAR THOMPSON

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# FOR OLD ELI.

## The Characters.

The names are printed in the order in which they appear upon the stage.

CHARLEY WALKER, Captain of the Yale Track Team.

DICK CARSON, Walker's room-mate.

"ARTIE" ARMSTRONG.

"BEEF" CAMPBELL.

"BILL" BAILY.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR ALLBRIGHT.

JACK LUDLOW, a Freshman ; room mate of Walker and Carson.

ALICE FAIRFIELD, Ludlow's cousin.

EDITH VAN NORTON.

MARY CALDERWOOD.

GWEN HARDY.

MRS. FAIRFIELD, Alice's mother.

HELEN BECKWITH, friend of Alice.

"BUB" TURNER.

"SPUD" FOSTER.

"SKINNY" ALLISON.

"ANDY" ANDERSON.

JIM DWIGHT.

TOM MCCOY.

TED JONES.

"OLLIE" OLLCOTT.

MIKE MCCARTY, the Yale Trainer.

"SPORT" HENDRICKS, A "Mucker."

Students, swipes, etc., etc.

# FOR OLD ELI.

## Scenes.

### ACT I.

Sitting room of Walker, Carson and Ludlow, Vanderbilt Hall, Yale University. Two days before the Yale-Harvard Track Meet.

### ACT II.

The famous Yale Fence in front of Vanderbilt Hall, Yale University. Twilight of the evening before the Yale-Harvard Track Meet.

### ACT III.

Dressing-room of the Yale Track Team during the Yale-Harvard Track Meet.

### ACT IV.

Library and den of Alice Fairfield's home. The evening following the Yale-Harvard Track Meet.

THE PLACE.—New Haven, Conn.

THE TIME.—Present.

## FOR OLD ELI.

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*Room of CHARLEY WALKER, DICK CARSON and JACK LUDLOW, Vanderbilt Hall, Yale University. Typical College Room. Large window R. Doors L. and R. C. Piano R. Couch R. Book-case L. C. Cozy corner L. Fireplace L. Small table with tea service L. Small table with chafing dish L. Flat top desk with two chairs L. C. Morris chair about C.*

*On rise of curtain room is seen to be in great disorder. Papers, books, etc., are scattered over desk and floor. Clothing thrown carelessly on chairs, sofa and cozy corner, etc. etc.*

*(Enter WALKER R. C.)*

WALKER. Wonder where the fellows are. *(goes to door L. and looks in)* I say, Carson! Out somewhere I expect. He wasn't at the field this afternoon, but perhaps he will show up later. *(goes to window R. and looks out)* Glad, but this is a great day! And the Harvard meet only day after to-morrow. We must win that! We must win! *(laughs a little)* Oh, we're going to all right. This thing of being Captain isn't what it's cracked up to be. It's getting on my nerves I guess. Well, *(sighs)* I suppose I must plug out that Greek a little. *(he pulls off sweater and exits L. returning in a minute with bathrobe on. He goes to book-case and gets Greek book and Lexicon, sits down, opens book and reads)* But if now for these things done, I have accusation, if

at that time, when I concerning these things—what the deuce does that mean? (*looks over Lexicon*) Ah, here it is—"to be exact, accurate or precise in language," I bet I'll be exact in my language pretty soon. (*reads from Greek book*) I have accusation, if at that time when I concerning these things, exact in language—oh, gee! that's a rotten translation! I wonder where that trot is. (*rummages over desk*) Ah here it is, (*opens it*) This is better. (*reads*) But if I now have accusation against these deeds, if at that time while I was refining about these points, the——

CAMPBELL. (*outside*) Oh, Charley Walker! (*WALKER starts to rise, but sits down and continues to study*)

CAMPBELL. (*outside*) Oh, Charley Walker!

WALKER. Ooh, hoo! (*keeps on studying*)—and gave themselves into Philip's power.

CAMPBELL. (*outside*) Come here a minute.

WALKER. Can't I'm busy. (*reads*)—Philip's power, and at the same time——

CAMPBELL. (*outside*) I want to ask you something. (*WALKER gets up very reluctantly and goes to the window R.*)

WALKER. Well, what do you want?

CAMPBELL. (*outside*) Where is our Greek lesson for to-morrow?

WALKER. Come on up, I'm studying it now.

CAMPBELL. (*outside*) No, I can't. I promised Armstrong I'd study with him, and he didn't know where the lesson was, so we matched to see who'd go and find out. I lost.

WALKER. Hard luck, Beef.

CAMPBELL. (*outside*) Oh, I don't know, I stuck him to do the translating.

WALKER. Well, that's better.

CAMPBELL. (*outside*) Well, where's the lesson?

WALKER. Wait a minute, and I'll see. (*he gets Greek book and turns pages*) From Section 240, the

next ten pages, to Section 216. He didn't give us much this time.

CAMPBELL. (*outside*) No, I should say not! Well, much obliged.

WALKER. Don't mention it. So long.

CAMPBELL (*outside*) So long, Charley. (*WALKER goes back to desk, picks up book and reads*)

WALKER. (*reading from "Trot"*)—and at the same time he was master of Eubœa, and of——

(*Students outside singing, gradually drawing nearer.*)

Here's to good old Yale,  
Drink it down, drink it down,  
Here's to good old Yale,  
Drink it down, drink it down,  
Here's to good old Yale,  
She's so hearty and so hale,  
Drink it down, drink it down,  
Drink it down, down, down.

(*WALKER keeps time to music as he reads, then catches himself and studies harder than ever.*)

WALKER. —and Thebes, and Byzantium. Do you know what these irreverent men are saying?

(*Singing keeps up, and he goes to window and pulls down blind.*)

VOICE. (*outside*) Oh, Charley Walker!

(*He comes back to desk and studies.*)

WALKER. —or what they are doing?

STUDENTS. (*outside*) Oh, Charley Walker, come on down.

WALKER. Can't, I'm busy.

STUDENTS. (*outside*) Oh come on. Don't be a grind. Etc. etc.

WALKER. No, I'm studying.

VOICE. (*outside*) Oh, very well. Come on, fellows.

(*Singing is resumed and dies away in the distance.*)

WALKER continues to study.)

WALKER. —or what they are doing? They are not acting as if they were giving up? Guess I'd better read it from the Greek once. (*takes Greek book and starts to read*)

CARSON. (*outside*) Oh, Walker, oh, Charley Walker!

WALKER. There is Carson now. Ooh, loo! (*runs to window and puts up blind*)

CARSON. (*outside*) Throw me out my sweater, will you, please.

WALKER. Sure. (*he looks all around for sweater. Goes into room L. and looks, then returns to window R. In meantime CARSON whistles*)

WALKER. I say, Carson, I can't find it.

CARSON. (*outside*) Oh, all right, I'll go up for it myself.

(WALKER returns to desk and studies.)

(Enter CARSON R. C.)

CARSON. I bet I did those three flights in record time. (WALKER keeps on studying) What! Not studying, are you, Walker?

WALKER. Yes.

CARSON. Don't do it, my boy, it hurts the brain. (*he exits L. and returns in about a minute with sweater on. He starts to go out R. C.*)

WALKER. I say, Carson.

CARSON. (*stopping*) Well?

WALKER. (*without looking up*) Ah—er—where are you going, Carson?

CARSON. Down on the fence. Why?

WALKER. (*looking squarely at him*) Why weren't you out at the field this afternoon?

CARSON. Mike told me not to come.

WALKER. Oh, he did, did he? Look here, Carson, you have been missing too much practice lately.

CARSON. Do you think so?

WALKER. Yes I do. And what's more, I am not going to stand for it any longer. You know the

Harvard Meet is day after to-morrow, and without your points in the sprints and broad jump, where would we be? And here you are not more than half in shape. Do you know I have more than half a notion to let Gordon run in your place, you know he beat you out yesterday.

CARSON. Oh, you don't mean that, old man. I know he beat me out, but I was feeling rotten yesterday. (*crosses to WALKER*) Come on, cheer up, old fellow, I'll be all right day after to-morrow. Mike knows his business.

WALKER. Maybe he does.

CARSON. Sure he does. I guess this——

(*Knocking is heard at door.*)

CARSON. Come in.

(*Enter "ARTIE" ARMSTRONG, "BILL" BAILY, and "BEEF" CAMPBELL.*)

CARSON. How are you fellows? Come on in, the water's great.

WALKER. Hello, fellows.

ARMSTRONG. How are you? (*he crosses to piano, sits and plays softly*)

BAILY. Hello, boys. (*he crosses to WALKER*)

CAMPBELL. How are you fellows?

CARSON. Sit down.

CAMPBELL. Don't care if I do. (*he lounges on sofa*)

WALKER. Thought you were going to study Greek, Beef.

CAMPBELL. Oh, I forgot where the lesson was when I got back. We matched again to see who'd find out; Artie got stuck, so I came with him.

WALKER. Oh, I see.

CARSON. (*crossing to CAMPBELL*) Well, Old War Hoss, do you think you can beat Hadley this year?

CAMPBELL. Well you just watch me.

CARSON. That's what I hope to do. (*they converse, CAMPBELL gesticulating*)

BAILY. So you think it is easy money, do you, Cap?

WALKER. No, I don't say that; but if Carson can win his fifteen points we shall win.

BAILY. Well he can do that all right; he has done it for the last three years.

WALKER. Well I am not so sure of that. He is stale, and then Mike has been letting him off too easy lately.

BAILY. Stale!

WALKER. Yes. He had no life at all yesterday; why, Gordon beat him in a trial.

BAILY. Surely he wasn't doing his best. Why, man, Carson is the greatest sprinter in this country.

WALKER. I know, that's what we all thought, but I am afraid this time.

BAILY. By Jove! (*takes out note-book*) I don't know but I had better hedge. I've got a cool thou' on the meet.

WALKER. That's a lot, Baily, but I guess it may be safe after all.

(*They converse.*)

CARSON. Say, Beef, how's the little peach?

CAMPBELL. Oh, don't you worry about her.

ARMSTRONG. (*turning around*) I say, fellows, have you heard of Beef's *latest* mash?

ALL. No, tell us about it.

CAMPBELL. Oh, shut up, will you!

ARMSTRONG. Well, last night Beef was going down along York Street, near the Medical School, Lord only knows where he was going, when he saw what he thought was a peach come out of a house and walk very rapidly down toward Crown Street.

CARSON. What he thought was a peach?

ARMSTRONG. Yes, just wait.

CAMPBELL. Ah, cut it will you?



ARMSTRONG. Well of course he gave chase and followed her out near the Normal School. Pretty soon he saw she was slackening her pace so he quickened his. When he got up close to her he lifted his hat and said in his most polite voice, "How do? Nice evening." Then she turned around and looked at him and said, "Yas, Honey, it suah am."

*(All laugh but CAMPBELL. He throws sofa pillow at ARMSTRONG.)*

CAMPBELL. If it wasn't so much work I'd sit on you.

ARMSTRONG. Oh, I don't know.

CARSON. That sure was a good one on you, Beef, and you a Southerner too.

CAMPBELL. Oh, it's a darned lie.

ARMSTRONG. No it's not either; you know you told me that yourself after you got home last night.

CAMPBELL. Well there's no use balling a fellow out, but here's one on Artie.

ARMSTRONG. Ah shut up!

CAMPBELL. The other night Artie went to the Grand to see, "For The Sake Of Her Che-ild," or "All Is Not Gold That Does Not Glitter," or something like that, and thought he had a mash on the ingenue. Well after the show he waited at the stage entrance for her, and when she came out he braced her. She turned around and gave him the glassy eye for about two minutes, and then said, "Say, little boy, hadn't you better run home, mamma wants you."

*(All laugh but ARMSTRONG.)*

ARMSTRONG. That's a darned lie. You might know the first man has no show.

CARSON. *(crossing to window)* I'd think you fellows would get tired joshing each other.

CAMPBELL. Oh, 'tis a lot of work, but I can't let the little runt get ahead of me.

CARSON. By Jove, fellows! Here comes Allbright. He's coming up to pound some of Hume's philosophy into me.

BAILY. I'll bet you ten to one he can't do it.

CAMPBELL. (*tying down*) 'Scuse me if I seem to take a nap.

CARSON. Come on, fellows, we'll let him lecture to all of us and have some fun.

ALL. All right.

(*Knocking at door.*)

CARSON. Pts-s-s-s!

(*Loud knocking.*)

(*Very loud knocking.*)

CARSON. (*in monotone*) Come in.

(*Enter ALLBRIGHT.*)

ALLBRIGHT. Good afternoon, gentlemen.

ALL. (*in monotone*) Good afternoon, Professor Allbright.

ALLBRIGHT. You honor me too greatly, gentlemen; only Assistant Professor.

ALL. Not at all, Professor Allbright.

ALLBRIGHT. I suppose, Mr. Carson, you have carefully considered the portion of Hume's "Treatise on Human Nature," which I outlined for you at our last meeting?

CARSON. Well, you see, Professor, I have been forced to ah—devote so much time to other subjects. You know Professor McCarty (*winks at fellows*) has been giving us a pretty hard course in the hundred yard dash lately.

ALLBRIGHT. Ah—er—Professor McCarty? Ah—I—what department does he have?

CARSON. He gives courses in the 100, 220, 440, 880—

ALLBRIGHT. Ah, Higher Mathematics. I under-

stood there was to be a new man in that department. I must cultivate his acquaintance at once. I dare say he is a very learned man.

CARSON. You bet he is. He can't be beaten.

ALLBRIGHT. But, Mr. Carson, you wouldn't permit Mathematics to take you away from the profound cogitations of the immortal Hume?

CARSON. Oh not at all, not at all, Professor; but do be seated. (*motions to chair L. of desk.* ALLBRIGHT *crosses and sits*) You see, Professor, I have enjoyed so much your discourses, and the masterful way in which you have promulgated the profound cogitations of the immortal Hume, (*aside*) ahem, how's that?—that I did not want to be selfish, so have invited a few of my friends in to get the benefit also.

ALLBRIGHT. You do me a great honor, gentlemen. (*he looks over desk*)

CARSON. Pts-s-s-s!

ALL. (*in monotone*) Not at all, Professor Allbright.

(*All sit in very exaggerated listening attitudes.*)

ALLBRIGHT. If you have any questions to ask or comments to make, I hope you will not deem it a breach of etiquette to interrupt me, gentlemen.

ALL. (*in monotone*) We shall not deem it a breach, Professor Allbright.

ALLBRIGHT. Thank you. Are we ready to proceed, gentlemen?

ALL. (*in monotone*) We are ready, Professor Allbright.

ALLBRIGHT. Very well. (*clears throat*) In the "Treatise on Human Nature," which is in every respect the most complete exposition of Hume's Philosophical conception, we have the first thorough-going attempt to apply the fundamental principles of Locke's empirical psychology to the construction of a theory of knowledge. Do I make myself clear, gentlemen?

ALL. (*in monotone*) Very clear, Professor Allbright.

ARMSTRONG. (*aside*) About as clear as mud.

ALLBRIGHT. To resume; in the first instance then, Hume's Philosophical work is to be regarded as the attempt to supply for empiricism in Psychology a consistent, that is a logically developed theory of knowledge. In Locke——

(*Enter LUDLOW hurriedly, very much excited.*)

LUDLOW. I say, Carson, you and Walker will have to—oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't see you fellows. How do you do, Allbright?

CAMPBELL. *Professor Allbright, Freshman!*

LUDLOW. Excuse me. *Professor Allbright——*

ALLBRIGHT. Only Assistant Professor.

LUDLOW. But I say, Carson, you and Walker will have to help me straighten up this room.

(*He picks up books and carries them to book-case.*)

CARSON. What's up, Ludlow?

LUDLOW. Oh, there's the deuce to pay, but come on quick, fellows.

(*He starts to clear things off desk.*)

WALKER. Hold on here, Ludlow, keep your shirt on.

CAMPBELL. Yes, for Heaven's sake, don't work so hard unless it's necessary.

LUDLOW. Well, it certainly is necessary with half a dozen girls coming here in about two minutes.

ALL. Girls!

LUDLOW. You bet your life, and some peaches too. You fellows know most of them.

CARSON. Who are they?

LUDLOW. My cousin, Alice Fairfield, she just telephoned me they were coming, you all know her, and her mother——

BAILY. We all know her too.

(*All laugh.*)

LUDLOW. And Mary Calderwood, and Edith Van Norton, and a friend of Alice's from St. Margaret's, a Helen Beckwith of Pittsburg, she's come on to see the meet—and—and—Gwen Hardy.

CARSON. Here's where you shine, Beef.

CAMPBELL. Just watch my smoke.

*(All start to straighten up room.)*

ALLBRIGHT. You will have to excuse me, gentlemen. *(he starts to pick up books, etc.)* We shall continue our little discourse on the divine Hume at some more opportune time in the future.

CARSON. Oh no, Professor, don't go; stay and meet the ladies.

CAMPBELL. Sure, you will make a hit with the dragon.

ALLBRIGHT. Very well, gentlemen, if you insist. Perhaps I shall have an opportunity to discuss the immortal Hume.

ARMSTRONG. Yes, perhaps you will—not.

CARSON. Ludlow, you run down to Honest John's and get some grub.

LUDLOW. All right.

*(Exit LUDLOW R. C.)*

CARSON. This is the first time Beef has worked since the Princeton Meet.

CAMPBELL. Yes, and it is the last time I'll work till the Harvard Meet.

*(WALKER gets broom from room L. and throws it to ARMSTRONG, who sweeps dirt under desk, etc. WALKER goes out L. and returns soon with coat on. CAMPBELL stands at book-case and CARSON throws books at him. When CARSON throws ALLBRIGHT's book he expostulates. He picks it up, takes out handkerchief and dusts it off very carefully.)*

ALLBRIGHT. Gentlemen, gentlemen! My Hume is not a base-ball!

CARSON. Oh, excuse us, Professor.

ARMSTRONG. I say, Beef, you want to look out for Ludlow, he will cut you out.

CAMPBELL. Don't you worry, kid, you just keep your peepers on me.

(*When room is in reasonable degree of order LUDLOW returns with Uneeda biscuits, etc. CARSON has lit lamp under chafing dish and now makes tea, putting in a big handful. Laughter of girls is heard outside.*)

CARSON. By Gad, here they come! I must get out of this sweater.

(*Exit CARSON L. pulling off sweater.*)

(*Enter ALICE FAIRFIELD, EDITH VAN NORTON, MARY CALDERWOOD, GWEN HARDY and Mrs. FAIRFIELD R. C.*)

ALICE. Hello, boys, awfully glad to see you (*shakes hands with WALKER*) Hello, Charley! Oh, pardon me! (*makes deep courtesy*) Captain Walker! How's the team, Captain? We've simply got to beat the Johnnies this year. And here is Professor Allbright. How do you do, Professor? (*shakes hands with ALLBRIGHT*)

ALLBRIGHT. Only Assistant Professor.

(*ALICE crosses to LUDLOW and they converse. In the meantime the other girls have entered and are talking with ARMSTRONG, BAILY and CAMPBELL R. C. Mrs. FAIRFIELD follows.*)

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Well, here we are at last. How do you do everybody? (*shakes hands with WALKER*) I rather doubted the propriety of bringing the girls up here, but they wouldn't take no for an answer. (*sees ALLBRIGHT*) Ah, who is this?

WALKER. Oh, this is Professor Allbright. Mrs. Fairfield allow me to present Professor Allbright, America's foremost authority on Hume's Philosophy.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. I am most happy to meet you, Professor.

ALLBRIGHT. I am greatly honored, Madam, but I am only Assistant Professor. You know——

*(They converse. He takes her to cozy corner and they sit. WALKER crosses to ALICE and LUDLOW and they converse, LUDLOW very seriously, motioning toward CAMPBELL. ALICE and WALKER laugh. In the meantime ARMSTRONG and MARY have crossed to the piano, MARY playing softly. BAILY and EDITH have crossed to desk, EDITH sitting on chair and BAILY on desk. CAMPBELL and GWEN are seated on sofa.)*

GWEN. I just love runners, don't you, Mr. Campbell?

CAMPBELL. Oh, now, Miss Gwen, you said last Fall you liked football players.

GWEN. But this is track season, Mr. Campbell.

CAMPBELL. Well, I throw the hammer, you know.

GWEN. Oh, yes, but that isn't the least bit exciting. All you do is to stand in a foolish little circle, and toss a little iron ball on the end of a wire. You don't have to work hard at all.

CAMPBELL. Don't we though?

GWEN. No. But the runners! Isn't it just grand the way Dick Carson runs the hundred—what do you call it—yard jump?

*(He expostulates and they converse. WALKER, ALICE and LUDLOW take tea around.)*

ALLBRIGHT. As I was saying, my dear Mrs. Fairfield, in the "Treatise on Human Nature," which is in every respect the most complete exposition of Hume's Philosophical conception, we have the first—

MRS. FAIRFIELD. But pardon me, my dear Professor Allbright, do you think the psychical phenomena of Hume's philosophical cogitations are quite compatible with his early training?

ALICE. There, mother is in her glory now all right.

BAILY. Yes, Miss Edith, I have a thousand bet on this meet.

EDITH. Oh, Mr. Baily, what if you should lose?

BAILY. It would be skiddo for me I guess.

(*Enter CARSON L.*)

CARSON. Hello, everybody!

ALICE. Hello, Dick! (*she shakes hands with him*)

OTHER GIRLS. (*together*) How do you do, Mr. Carson? Good afternoon, Dick. Hello, Dick!

CARSON. Excuse me for being late, but that is, I—ah—you see I wasn't exactly presentable when you came in, so I just slipped on the top stair and came down.

(*Girls laugh.*)

FELLOWS. (*together*) Rotten! Bum! Throw him out! Etc.

CARSON. (*shaking hands with MRS. FAIRFIELD*) How do you do, Mrs. Fairfield? Awfully nice of you to come up.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Well, Mr. Carson, as I said a few moments ago, I doubted the propriety of bringing the girls up here, and I should not have done it, had it been any other room than yours.

CARSON. (*bowing very low*) You honor me exceedingly, Madam.

ALICE. Come, Dick, sit down over here, and I will give you some tea.

CARSON. (*sitting L. of desk*) Thank you, you are awfully kind.

ALICE. Oh, don't mention it.

LUDLOW. (*coming close to CARSON*) I say, Carson, can't you make that big lobster give me a chance?

CARSON. Sure. (*to CAMPBELL*) I say, Beef, look here a minute, I want to tell you something.



CAMPBELL. Can't, I'm busy.

CARSON. Come on, got a great joke to tell you.

CAMPBELL. All right. I'll be right back, Miss Gwen; you'll keep my place for me won't you?

GWEN. Oh, certainly.

(CAMPBELL crosses to CARSON and LUDLOW slips around and sits by GWEN on L.)

CAMPBELL. Well, what is it?

CARSON. Why, the other day when I was coming up Chapel Street—oh you're stung, Beef, get next.

(CAMPBELL looks around and starts toward LUDLOW)

CAMPBELL. You little runt—I'll—I'll—spank you.

GWEN. Oh no, please don't, Mr. Campbell. There is room enough for all of us. (*she moves closer to LUDLOW, making room for CAMPBELL.*) I was just telling Mr. Ludlow how much I like ham.

(CAMPBELL grins and LUDLOW makes grimace.)  
mer—ah—th—throwers.

CARSON. Give us a little music, Mary, can't you? Liven things up a bit.

MARY. All right. What shall it be?

CARSON. Oh, any old thing.

(*She plays "Boola" and they all sing.*)

CARSON. (*at end of song*) Oh I say, Alice, Ludlow said you had a friend visiting you, and that she was coming up.

(*All look surprised.*)

ALICE. Why—why—where is she? She stopped downstairs to look at that picture in the hallway; she said she would be right up. I—I—had completely forgotten her. Isn't that awful?

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Why, what is the matter, daughter?

ALICE. You know we left Helen downstairs and she hasn't come up yet.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. (*rising*) This is awfully shocking! Wandering around in a men's dormitory all alone. We must go and search for her immediately. Come, girls.

MRS. FAIRFIELD *starts for door*, ALLBRIGHT *following*.

ALLBRIGHT. Pray permit me to accompany you, my dear Mrs. Fairfield.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Certainly, my dear Professor Allbright.

(*Exit* MRS. FAIRFIELD *and* ALLBRIGHT R. C.)

ALICE. Come on, everybody, this is awful. Helen will never forgive me. (*starts for door*) No, Dick, you stay here, we might miss her.

(*Exit* ALICE *with* WALKER R. C.)

CARSON. All right, just as you say.

(*In the meantime* GWEN *has started for the door accompanied by* CAMPBELL *and* LUDLOW. MARY *and* ARMSTRONG *exit together, and* EDITH *and* BAILY.)

CARSON. (*returning*) By Jove that is a mix up! (*he crosses, pours out a cup of tea, and sits L. of desk. Stirs tea*) Here's to good old Yale, drink it down. (*he drinks tea*) Bah, no wonder women get sour balled when they drink that stuff. (*pause*) I wonder what Walker meant when he said I was stale. Rot! I never felt better in my life. And the old dad is going to be there too. Coming all the way from Europe to see me win. Win! Win! Gad, just watch me! Get on your marks—get set——

(*Knocking at door.*)

CARSON. Come in.

(*Enter* HELEN R. C.)

CARSON. (*rising and coming forward*) Hello—why—why—I—I—beg your pardon.

HELEN. How do you do? (*she steps forward holding out her hand*) I suppose you are—Jack?

CARSON. No, I am sorry to say—that is—yes—yes—sure I'm Jack. But do sit down. (*he almost forces her into chair R. of desk*) Take off your wraps. Have a cup of tea. (*he runs to get her a cup of tea*)

HELEN. I just knew you were. Alice has told me so much about her cousin Jack.

CARSON. Is that so? And she has told me so much about her friend——

HELEN. Helen. Yes that is right. Alice said we were to begin calling each other by our first names right away.

CARSON. By Jove, that will be jolly! I bet you can say Dick just great.

HELEN. Dick!

CARSON. Yes, that's my—no—no—I mean Jack. Dick is my room-mate's name, Dick Carson you know.

HELEN. Oh? yes I have heard of him too.

CARSON. Is that so? What have you heard?

HELEN. Oh, Alice thinks he is just fine. She says he is to be elected Captain of the Track Team for next year. She thought I would fall in love with him at first sight.

CARSON. Is that so? Well what do you think?

HELEN. Oh, I don't know, I think Jack is an awfully nice name.

CARSON. (*disgustedly*) Oh!

HELEN. What!

CARSON. Oh, that is—thanks awfully. Slip her. We'll call it square.

(*They shake hands.*)

HELEN. Say, I think you are an awfully funny fellow, Jack.

CARSON. Do you? Well I think you are an awfully nice girl—Helen.

HELEN. Do you? Slip her.

*(They shake hands.)*

HELEN. But tell me, what do you do in the track meet?

CARSON. Oh, I run the hundred and two-twenty.

HELEN. Is that so? I thought Alice said you ran the mile; that Mr. McCarty had said that you were a comer; that some day Jack Ludlow would be as great a runner as Captain Walker.

CARSON. That is mighty nice of Alice to say that. You see it is this way; I used to run the mile, but just at the last minute I have been switched to the sprints.

HELEN. Oh, I see. *(pause)* It was too bad we missed each other at the dance at St. Margaret's last year, but really it wasn't my fault.

CARSON. Eh—yes, yes, I was awfully sorry, but truly it was impossible for me to go.

HELEN. Why, Mr. Ludlow, I thought you were there.

CARSON. Oh—why—yes I was there, of course I was. I—ah—was thinking of another dance.

HELEN. Oh, let me see, what was the name of the man you brought with you from Andover?

CARSON. Why—why—that was—ah—that was—Gorman, yes, Bill Gorman. He's in Harvard now.

HELEN. Is that so? I thought his name was something like—Keating, yes, Keating, that was it I am sure. Alice had an awful crush on him.

CARSON. Oh yes, it was Keating that time. It was Gorman the other time.

HELEN. Why, I didn't know you were there but for one dance.

CARSON. Oh no, I didn't mean St. Margaret's. Ha, ha! Did you think I meant St. Margaret's?

Oh no. It was to the Bradford Academy dance that Gorman went with me.

HELEN. Oh, I see.

CARSON. Say, you're *all* right! Do you know I believe I could nearly fall in love with you—H—Helen.

HELEN. Nearly?

CARSON. No, completely, head over heels, down and out.

HELEN. Do you tell every girl that the first ten minutes you have known her?

CARSON. Well I should say not. It takes at least half an hour to tell some.

HELEN. (*pouting*) Oh! You—you—(*suddenly*) My gracious, Jack! Do you know what I am doing?

CARSON. No, what?

HELEN. Something awful.

CARSON. Something awful?

HELEN. I should say so! I am sitting in a college man's room without a chaperone.

CARSON. Is that all? I thought it was something awful.

HELEN. Isn't that enough? And we haven't been introduced!

CARSON. Do you think we need an introduction—Helen?

HELEN. May be—not—Jack.

CARSON. Slip her!

(*They shake hands.*)

HELEN. But my, oh, I must go now. What on earth would Mrs. Fairfield say? I had forgotten all about the others. Where are they?

CARSON. Oh, don't go, please. They will be back soon. They went to hunt you. And—and I have something to tell you, Miss Beekwith.

HELEN. (*coquettishly*) Who?

CARSON. I—I didn't mean to say that—H—

HELEN. It is awfully nice of you to let me call you that, but—but—perhaps you won't want me to when I tell you.

(*She sits on chair R. of desk, places elbows on desk and head in hands in exaggerated listening attitude.*)

HELEN. My gracious! What can it be?

CARSON. It—it's pretty serious business, and I had no idea where it was leading me or I never should have done it.

HELEN. (*mock seriousness*) Oh dear, I just know you have killed a man, or at least robbed a bank!

CARSON. Please be serious. Really, I am awfully sorry, and I want you to say you will forgive me.

HELEN. Well, if it is nothing worse than I said, I shall try.

CARSON. It is just this; my name is not Ludlow, it is Carson.

HELEN. (*rising*) What?

CARSON. Oh, don't be angry with me, it was just a little joke, and I—I——

HELEN. Yes, I should say it was a joke!

CARSON. Really, I had no idea what I was doing, and you know you gave me the opportunity; you thought I was Ludlow at first.

HELEN. Yes, that is just like a man, to lay all the blame on a woman!

CARSON. I am awfully sorry, Miss Beekwith, I—I don't know why I did it—oh—I know you will always hate me—and—and——

HELEN. No, Mr. Carson, I shall not hate you; that would be too much trouble. I shall simply ignore your very existence!

CARSON. But isn't it something that I told you? Would you not have thought less of me had I not?

(*Enter ALICE and WALKER R. C.*)

HELEN. I could not have thought less of you than I do now.

(ALICE starts to speak, but sees something is wrong and stops. HELEN goes to her, throws her arms around her neck and cries. CARSON starts toward them.)

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## CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE:—Famous Yale fence in front of Vanderbilt Hall, Yale University. Twilight of the evening before the Yale-Harvard Track Meet. GWEN is concealed behind tree R.

Enter LUDLOW L. He looks all around. Whistles as if calling, starting with long, high note and descending scale rapidly. He crosses R., whistles again, returns, takes out watch.

LUDLOW. It's past seven now, she ought to be here.

(GWEN whistles in the same manner as LUDLOW. He whirls around and looks.)

LUDLOW. Gad, I thought I heard her whistle. (He comes back L. and she whistles again. He whirls again and sees her dress.)

LUDLOW. Ah, there you are.

(She comes out from behind tree laughing.)

LUDLOW. I was afraid you weren't going to come. (He starts to climb over fence.)

GWEN. You were late yourself—no, you stay on that side of the fence, please. Distance lends enchantment, you know.

LUDLOW. Well, it certainly doesn't in this case. Ah, please let me come over there. I'll be good.

GWEN. Isn't it enough that I met you here?

LUDLOW. Of course it's a lot, but it's not enough. I'm coming over.

(*He puts his hands on fence*)

GWEN. Don't you do it.

LUDLOW. Yes, I am. (*he leaps fence*)

GWEN. (*retreating*) Now, Jack Ludlow, you go right back over that fence, or I'll go home.

LUDLOW. (*climbing back*) Oh, all right; but it's mighty hard on a fellow when I haven't seen you alone for over a week.

GWEN. My gracious, what do you want?

LUDLOW. You know, Miss Gwen, that I—I—love you, that I—I—ah, hang it all—I—I——

GWEN. (*giggling*) You—you—what?

LUDLOW. It's just like this; I am getting sick and tired of having that great big lobster hanging around you all the time. I want you to decide pretty soon which one you care for.

GWEN. Oh my, I care for both of you.

LUDLOW. No, that won't—(*dejectedly*)—Oh, I'm going down to the harbor and jump in.

GWEN. Oh no, please don't.

LUDLOW. Yes, I'm going to.

GWEN. But what would Yale do without you in—in—the two mile—high jump?

LUDLOW. There you go again. You don't care a rap for me; you can't even remember what I do in the meet, and I have told you a dozen times.

GWEN. Oh yes, I do, but I don't see how anyone can remember those things.

LUDLOW. Well, I'll jump into the harbor after the meet anyway. (*suddenly*) How many dances are you going to give me at Alice's to-morrow night.

GWEN. (*teasingly*) You won't want any if you jump into the harbor, will you?

LUDLOW. Well, I'll wait till after the dance, if you will give me the most dances, will you?



GWEN. Oh I don't know, wait till to-morrow night.

LUDLOW. No, I want to know now.

GWEN. Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. It will be perfectly jolly!

LUDLOW. What?

GWEN. (*melodramatically*) It will be like the knights of old going forth upon the lists to do battle for their lady-loves. I will give the most dances to the one who does the most for Yale in the meet to-morrow.

LUDLOW. Will you, sure?

GWEN. Yes, won't it be fun?

LUDLOW. (*dejectedly*) Oh, but—but he's in two events, and I'm in only one.

GWEN. Oh gracious, that doesn't make any difference. You may do more in one than he can in two.

LUDLOW. Oh, all right, but you will give me the first dance anyway, won't you?

GWEN. Oh dear, I can't promise that, but I will tell you what I *will* do; I will give the first dance to the one who asks me first after the music starts.

LUDLOW. Oh, all right, but I don't think it is quite fair—(*takes out watch*) My Gad, I must hustle!

GWEN. Oh don't go, Mr. Ludlow.

LUDLOW. Yes I must. But look here, Miss Gwen, didn't you say you would call me by my first name?

GWEN. Did I?

LUDLOW. Yes you did. Don't you remember last summer down at the shore? But really I must go.

GWEN. Oh, very well, Mr. Ludlow, if that is all you care about me, you had better go.

LUDLOW. Oh now, Miss Gwen, that isn't fair. You don't understand: Carson's up—no, I mean—well, I have got to get back to the room right away.

GWEN. Oh, all right, Mr. Ludlow, don't let me detain you.

LUDLOW. Oh by Jove, if it weren't for Carson I'd never go. But I'll win to-morrow if it kills me, and then you will be sorry.

GWEN. That would be better than jumping in the harbor, Mr. Ludlow.

LUDLOW. Well, if I do win, I'll get the most—well, good-bye. (*he holds out his hand*)

GWEN. Good-bye, Mr. Ludlow.

LUDLOW. Won't you shake hands?

GWEN. Oh certainly. (*They shake hands.*)

LUDLOW. Good-bye, Gwen, remember! (*He runs away L.*)

GWEN. (*stamping foot*) There, I know he doesn't care a rap for me. I wonder if it was some other girl. Anyway I like hammer—hammer—oh dear, I don't know what they call it, something about hammers or anvils or shots—anyway I like them best. (*looks at watch*) Mr. Campbell was to be here at seven-thirty; it's nearly that now. What am I to do till he comes? I wonder if anyone would see me if I climbed this fence. (*She runs L. and looks, then R. and looks, and then very laboriously climbs fence*) There. (*she looks R.*) My gracious, here he comes now! How am I to get back behind that tree? (*she crawls under fence and hides behind tree*)

(*Enter CAMPBELL R. He looks all around. Whistles in same manner as LUDLOW. He crosses L., whistles again, returns, takes out watch.*)

CAMPBELL. It's past seven-thirty now; she ought to be here.

(*GWEN whistles in the same manner as CAMPBELL. He whirls and looks.*)

CAMPBELL. Gad, I thought I heard her whistle! (*He comes back L. She whistles again. He whirls again and sees her dress.*)

CAMPBELL. Ah, there you are.

(*She comes out from behind tree laughing.*)

CAMPBELL. I was afraid you weren't going to come.

(*He starts to climb fence.*)

GWEN. No, you stay on that side of the fence please. Distance lends enchantment, you know.

CAMPBELL. Well, not here, Miss Gwen. Ah, please let me play in your yard.

GWEN. Isn't it enough that I met you here?

CAMPBELL. No, it's not. I'm coming over.

(*He puts hands on fence.*)

GWEN. Don't you do it.

CAMPBELL. Yes, I am.

(*He leaps fence.*)

GWEN. (*retreating*) Now, William Campbell, you go right back over that fence or I'll go home.

CAMPBELL. (*climbing back*) Oh, all right, but it's mighty hard on a fellow when I haven't seen you alone for over a week.

GWEN. My gracious, what do you want?

CAMPBELL. You know, Miss Gwen, that I—love you, that I—I—oh hang it all, I—I——

GWEN. (*giggling*) You—you—what?

CAMPBELL. It's just this; I am getting sick and tired of having that little runt hanging around you all the time. I want you to decide pretty soon which one you care for.

GWEN. Oh my, I care for both of you.

CAMPBELL. No, that won't—(*dejectedly*)—oh I'm going down to the harbor and jump in.

GWEN. Oh no, please don't.

CAMPBELL. Yes, I'm going to.

GWEN. But what would Yale do without you in the—the—hammer—run?

CAMPBELL. There, I knew you didn't care for me.

You don't even remember what I do in the meet, and I have told you a hundred times.

GWEN. Oh yes, I do, but I don't see how anyone can remember those things.

CAMPBELL. Well, I'll jump into the harbor after the meet anyway. (*suddenly*) How many dances are you going to give me at Alice's to-morrow night?

GWEN. (*teasingly*) You won't want any if you jump into the harbor, will you?

CAMPBELL. Well, I'll wait till after the dance if you will give me the most dances. Will you?

GWEN. (*laughing*) Oh I don't know, wait till to-morrow night.

CAMPBELL. No, I want to know now.

GWEN. Well I'll tell you what we'll do! It will be perfectly jolly!

CAMPBELL. What?

GWEN. (*melodramatically*) It will be like the knights of old going forth upon the lists to do battle for their lady-loves. I will give the most dances to the one who does the most for Yale in the meet to-morrow.

(*Enter CARSON L. behind fence.*)

CAMPBELL. Will you, sure?

CARSON. Oh, hello here! This is getting to be quite a trysting place. I thought I saw Ludlow——

GWEN. (*suddenly stepping forward and shaking hands*) Oh, how do you do, Mr. Carson?

CARSON. Why, how do you do, Gwen, how do you do? I was just thinking as I came up Chapel Street what a fine evening it would be for a stroll with a nice pretty little girl.

(*He offers her his arm and they cross L.*)

GWEN. (*giggling*) Oh, Mr. Carson!

CAMPBELL. (*watching*) Well, I'll be damned!

CARSON. Yes, so I just thought I'd come across the campus and see if I could find you.

(*He watches CAMPBELL who is pacing up and down in fury.*)

GWEN. (*giggling*) Oh, Mr. Carson, I'm afraid you're—you're jollying me.

CARSON. Well I should say not. Far be it from me.

(*CAMPBELL crosses to them.*)

CAMPBELL. Oh I say, Carson——

CARSON. Oh fade away, fade away—(*CAMPBELL turns and walks back*) As I was saying, Gwen, I thought I'd cross the campus and see if I could find you——

GWEN. (*eagerly*) Yes?

CARSON. And see if you would take a stroll with me down to the harbor and see the sun set——

(*CAMPBELL crosses to them.*)

CAMPBELL. Oh I say, Carson, can't you——

CARSON. Oh forget it, forget it! Can't you see this is my busy day? (*CAMPBELL crosses R. more furious than ever*) Where was I? Oh yes, to see the sun set—(*he looks R. and sees ARMSTRONG and HELEN coming*) By Jove! Oh I say, Beef, come here. (*CAMPBELL turns and crosses quickly*) Come on you two, fade away now. (*he jerks his head toward ARMSTRONG and HELEN. CAMPBELL and GWEN look*)

GWEN. Oh, Mr. Carson, I just knew you were jollying me.

(*CARSON watches HELEN and ARMSTRONG, and does not pay any attention to what GWEN has said.*)

GWEN. But how am I to get over the fence?

CARSON. Oh that's easy enough.

(*CARSON picks her up and lifts her over. She takes CAMPBELL'S arm.*)

CARSON. Now run along like good children.

*(He crosses to tree R. and sits on fence whistling as CAMPBELL and GWEN walk away L.)*

GWEN. *(over her shoulder)* Good night, Mr. Carson.

CAMPBELL. But you will give me the first dance anyway, won't you, Miss Gwen?

*(They are off the stage when this speech ends.)*

*(Enter ARMSTRONG and HELEN. ARMSTRONG nearer fence.)*

ARMSTRONG. Yes, Miss Beckwith, I think we shall win all right, but it certainly will be close.

*(CARSON gets down from fence and takes off hat.)*

CARSON. How do? Nice evening. How do, Miss Beckwith?

*(HELEN raises her chin and walks past without saying a word.)*

ARMSTRONG. Oh, hello, Dick! Playing solitaire?

CARSON. Yes, but I'd rather play doubles. *(He motions to ARMSTRONG and draws him to one side)* I say, kid, won't you fade away and give me a chance?

ARMSTRONG. Well I should say not! What do you take me for?

CARSON. Ah, come on, I'm a good friend of yours. You remember the little peach I introduced you to down at the shore last summer?

ARMSTRONG. I know, but then——

HELEN. Are you coming, Mr. Armstrong?

ARMSTRONG. *(starting toward her)* Certainly——

CARSON. Wait a minute, kid. What'll you take to clear out—skiddoo—vamoose—twenty-three?

ARMSTRONG. *(mock seriousness)* I am beyond bribery, sir—unless the price is large enough.

CARSON. I'll give you any one of my pipes.

ARMSTRONG. Not enough.

CARSON. I'll give you my bulldog, Handsome Dan.

ARMSTRONG. Oh no, nothing like that. He took the seat out of one pair of trousers for me.

CARSON. Great heavens, man! What will you take?

ARMSTRONG. Will you lend me your yacht whenever I want it?

CARSON. Yes, yes.

ARMSTRONG. And your machine?

CARSON. Sure.

ARMSTRONG. And your polo pony?

CARSON. Yes, yes, take everything I've got and clear out.

ARMSTRONG. All right. But what'll I tell her?

CARSON. Any old thing. Tell her you're sick. Tell her you forgot your collar button.

ARMSTRONG. All right, here goes. (*he crosses to HELEN, CARSON watches*) Excuse me just a minute, Miss Beckwith, won't you please? I want to run up to my room to get that—(*he runs away L. before she has time to say a word. She looks very much provoked.* CARSON crosses to her *When CARSON starts to speak she puts up her chin*)

CARSON. I was just saying to Armstrong, Miss Beckwith, that it was such a pleasant evening, that no one should stay in the house. What do you think about it? (*she does not answer*) Yes, that's right; that's just the way I feel about it, so you see I came outside. And I thought nothing could be more delightful than a stroll through the campus. You see these beautiful summer evenings, although summer evenings and some are not—(*she tries to keep from laughing*)—are so—Oh, go ahead and laugh, that's what I want you to do. That will break the ice. You know you want to.

HELEN. I know I do not.

CARSON. Well the ice is cracked now that you have spoken, so let's smash it all to pieces.

HELEN. Your metaphors are rather ambiguous, Mr. Carson.

CARSON. Fine! You are getting along great. You will deliver a whole oration pretty soon. Come on now, we've talked about the weather——

HELEN. You mean *you* have talked about the weather.

CARSON. Oh, all right, just as you like, but let's talk about something else.

HELEN. Ah, here is Mr. Armstrong.

*(Enter ARMSTRONG L. CARSON falls back.)*

HELEN. I think we had better try to find the others now, Mr. Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG. All right.

*{She takes ARMSTRONG'S arm and they walk away L.*

*ARMSTRONG looks around at CARSON and grins.*

*CARSON shakes fist at him.)*

CARSON. Damn! *(pause)* Well I guess I had better go over to the gym, and have the kid give me a little rub, and then turn in.

*(He walks away R.)*

*{Students are heard singing, "Here's to Good Old Yale," gradually drawing nearer. Enter "BUB" TUNER, "SPUD" FOSTER, "SKINNY" ALLISON, "ANDY" ANDERSON, JIM DWIGHT, TOM MCCOY, "TED" JONES, and "OLLIE" OLLCOTT. All are singing and marching lock-step to music. On end of song they group themselves on fence.)*

TURNER. Well, Ollie, how's the meet coming out?

OLLCOTT. Oh, we're going to win all right, I guess.

JONES. I'm not so sure of that; Harvard has a pretty speedy bunch this year.

FOSTER. Oh, quit your knocking, Jones!

JONES. I'm not knocking, I'm merely stating facts.

FOSTER. Well, if you can't state any more enthusiastic facts than that, you had better shut up.



JONES. Well, haven't they a speedy bunch?

FOSTER. What if they have? We've got a speedier.

OLLCOTT. You bet we have! Here's the way I've got it figured out; Carson'll get the hundred, two-twenty and broad jump hands down; Walker'll take the eight-eighty and mile easy; Beef will get the hammer, and probably second in the shot, and Dwight will get the pole vault. That gives us the majority of firsts, and with the seconds some of us dubs can land, we'll win out with a comfortable margin.

JONES. That sounds well, but——

FOSTER. Ah shut up, Jones!

MCCOY. (*looking L.*) There's "Bill" Baile; he's got quite a pile bet on the meet, so he has probably got it figured out pretty close. (*calls*) Oh, Bill Baile, come here a minute.

TURNER. (*to ALLISON*) You bet your life Carson is the man for Captain next year. He's won his fifteen points in every meet he's been in since he entered college.

ALLISON. Yes, and I bet he'll come pretty close to the record this year in the hundred.

(*Enter BAILY L.*)

BAILY. How are you, fellows? What's the row?

MCCOY. Oh, we're just discussing the prospects for to-morrow.

BAILY. (*sitting on fence*) And wanted some expert testimony?

MCCOY. Yes, we understood you had a pile bet.

BAILY. Well, yes, I have a few cents up.

TURNER. How much you got up, Bill?

BAILY. Oh, I don't know, something over a thousand I guess.

JONES. I bet you'll lose.

BAILY. (*reaching for purse*) Well, how much will you bet?

JONES. Oh, I'm not a betting character, but——

BAILY. Well, shut up then, money talks.

McCoy. You must feel pretty confident anyway?

BAILY. Oh yes, reasonably so, if it wasn't for Carson.

ALL. Carson!

TURNER. Why, Carson is surer of his fifteen points than any other man on the team.

BAILY. I'm not so sure of that. Cap Walker told me yesterday he was stale, but he didn't look like it to me.

JONES. See, what did I tell you?

FOSTER. Oh hell! You didn't know anything about it before. Anyway I don't believe it. You just wait, Carson'll be there when the time comes.

*(Enter ALLBRIGHT L.)*

ALLBRIGHT. Good evening, gentlemen.

ALL. Good evening Professor. Howdy, Prof. Etc., etc.

ALLBRIGHT. Don't you think you should be in your rooms conning your lessons for to-morrow, gentlemen?

BAILY. What! Study the night before the Harvard meet! I should say not!

ALLBRIGHT. Certainly, gentlemen, never neglect an opportunity for improving your minds.

*(He walks away R.)*

BAILY. Say, fellows, why is old Allbright like a burgler?

McCoy. Here is one of Baily's bum jokes.

BAILY. Because he hates a crib.

ALL. Rotten! Kill him! Throw him out!

*(BAILY starts to sing "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean." They all join.)*

FOSTER. *(after song)* Say, Bill Baily, do you feel that badly about it?

BAILY. Oh, I had to get it out of my system.  
*(FOSTER starts, "When Freshmen First We Came To Yale." All join.)*

BAILY. (*after song*) By Jove, that's worse than mine!

McCoy. Yes, for Heaven's sake let's have something a little more lively.

(BAILY *starts*.....)

McCoy. (*looking L.*) Here comes Cap. Walker, we'll ask him about Carson.

BAILY. Long cheer for Cap Walker.

ALL.

Breka Co ax Co ax Co ax,

Breka Co ax Co ax Co ax,

O—up! O—up!

Para Baloo

Yale! Yale! Yale!

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Yale!

(*Enter WALKER L.*)

WALKER. Thank you, fellows.

McCoy. I say, Cap, we were just talking about Carson. (*enter MIKE R. No one sees him. He listens*) Baily here says you said he is stale. How about it?

WALKER. Yes, I said he was.

JONES. I told you so.

McCoy. Ah, shut up, Jones! Well, is that going to keep him from winning?

(*Enter SPORT HENDRICKS R.*)

MIKE. No, you bet your life it's not. He was stale yesterday, but he will be all right to-morrow, and you keep your eyes on him for a record.

ALL. (*to each other*) Fine! Great! Etc., etc.

HENDRICKS. Well, gents, how's the money market?

BAILY. What odds are you giving now, Sport?

HENDRICKS. Even money Harvard'll win.

BAILY. Oh I guess you may put me down for a couple of hundred more. (*he takes out a note-book and jots down figures*)

FOSTER. I'd take some too, but the governor wrote the other day to go slow till after the panic.

OLLCOTT. I soaked my watch yesterday; my dress suit will go to-morrow.

HENDRICKS. Any more, gents?

McCOY, WALKER, DWIGHT. That's all, Sport. Nothing doing. Nothing stirring, Sport.

HENDRICKS. All right, gents. Sorry not to make a little more of your coin. So long.

ALL. So long, Sport, etc. etc.

*(Exit HENDRICKS R.)*

MIKE. Come on, you fellows, it's time for bed.

McCOY. All right, Mike.

FOSTER. Sure.

JONES. Ah, it's early yet.

MIKE. You go right to bed, Jones, or I'll not let you run to-morrow.

JONES. *(leaving L.)* Don't care much if you don't.

McCOY. Come on, Spud.

FOSTER. All right.

McCOY. So long, fellows.

FOSTER. Good night, boys.

ALL. So long. Good night. Sweet dreams, Mac. Etc. etc.

*(Exit McCoy and FOSTER arm in arm L.)*

OLLCOTT. So long.

ANDERSON. Good night.

DWIGHT. *(leaving R.)* Be good, fellows.

WALKER. See you to-morrow, fellows. We've got to beat 'em you know.

OLLCOTT. Sure.

ANDERSON. So long.

DWIGHT. You watch us.

TURNER. I say, Mike, I am a little sore in the calves.

MIKE. Well, go over to the gym, and have the kid rub you.

TURNER. All right. Come on along, Skinny.

ALLISON. Sure. Good night, fellows.

WALKER. Good night.

BAILY. So long.

*(Exit TURNER and ALLISON R.)*

MIKE. Well, Cap, to-morrow's the day.

WALKER. *(dejectedly)* Yes, I know it is.

MIKE. Come on, kid, you talk like a funeral.

*(Laughter of girls is heard.)*

WALKER. I feel like one.

MIKE. Cheer up, kid, you've got 'em skinned a mile this year.

WALKER. Well, I'd feel better about it if it were not for Carson.

*(Enter HELEN, ALICE, GWEN, MRS. FAIRFIELD, CAMPBELL and ARMSTRONG L.)*

MIKE. You think more about yourself and winning the eight-eighty and mile, and less about Carson, and you will get along better; leave him to me.

*WALTER talks to MIKE.)*

ALICE. There is Charley Walker and Mike McCarty. *(she advances)* Hello, Charley! *(he raises his hat)* How do you do, Mr. McCarty?

MIKE. Good evening, Miss.

*(BAILY crosses, converses with MRS. FAIRFIELD, raising hat to all.)*

ALICE. Well, Mr. McCarty, how's the team?

MIKE. Never better, Miss; every man of 'em fit as a fiddle.

ALICE. But Dick Carson, how is he? I heard—that is, Charley here told me he had gone stale.

MIKE. Don't you believe it, Miss, Dick Carson was never in better shape in his life.

ALICE. Oh, I am awfully glad to hear it!

*(WALKER looks angry. HELEN and ARMSTRONG are near fence.)*

ARMSTRONG. Yes, Miss Beckwith, this is the famous Yale Fence.

HELEN. Oh yes, I have heard so much about it.

ARMSTRONG. You know it is the height of every Freshman's ambition to be able to sit on it. You see they are not allowed to while they are Freshmen until they have won something for Yale.

HELEN. Oh, I do hope Dick—that is—Jack—I mean Mr. Ludlow, will win to-morrow!

*(They converse near fence.)*

CAMPBELL. Well, he is nothing but a Freshman.

GWEN. Oh now, Mr. Campbell, that isn't a bit nice of you to say that. You were a Freshman four years ago.

CAMPBELL. But I wasn't such a little runt as he is.

GWEN. Oh, give him time, Mr. Campbell, he may grow.

CAMPBELL. Look here, Miss Gwen, didn't you say you would call me by my first name?

GWEN. Oh, did I?

*(They converse, CAMPBELL very excitedly, GWEN giggling.)*

MIKE. Well, I must be goin'. Good night. Cap. Go to bed soon, and don't think so much about Carson. Good night, Miss.

ALICE. Good night, Mr. McCarty. Good luck for to-morrow.

*(Exit MIKE R.)*

WALKER. Look here, Alice, why are you so interested in Carson?

ALICE. Why shouldn't I be interested? Isn't he going to run for Yale?

WALKER. Of course he is, but that is no reason you should take such an interest in him. I don't like it a little.

ALICE. You are a pretty Captain, aren't you,

telling me not to take so much interest in your team; anyway Dick Carson is one of my best friends, and—well, come, I think mother wants me.

(*She starts toward Mrs. FAIRFIELD. WALKER follows expostulating.*)

(*Enter LUDLOW R. very much excited.*)

LUDLOW. Have any of you fellows seen Carson?

(*HELEN tries to look disinterested.*)

ALL. No.

WALKER. What's the matter, Ludlow?

LUDLOW. Come here you fellows and I'll tell you.

(*CAMPBELL, ARMSTRONG and BAILY make excuses to ladies and draw apart.*)

CAMPBELL. What's up, Fresh?

LUDLOW. Carson was drunk as a fool last night!

ALL. What!

ARMSTRONG. He was here just a minute ago.

LUDLOW. Well he was in the room last night, and I had a fierce time with him. Regular champagne drunk. I have been with him all day till about seven o'clock, when I went out to—to see a friend. (*CAMPBELL looks at GWEN suspiciously*) He was sleeping then, and when I came back he was gone.

WALKER. I see our finish now. Gordon's laid up with the grippe, and Olcott can't possibly get better than second.

Mrs. FAIRFIELD. (*crossing to them*) John, tell me what is the matter.

WALKER. Oh, Carson was drunk last night; that is all.

Mrs. FAIRFIELD. What, Richard Carson!

ALICE. Dick Carson!

GWEN. Oh dear!

(*Enter CARSON R.*)

CARSON. Hello, everybody! Fine evening, I was

just saying to—(*no one speaks*) What—what's the matter with you people? (*pause. MRS. FAIRFIELD walks to girls*)

CARSON. I say you fellows look as if you had been to a funeral.

CAMPBELL. No, but we are going to one tomorrow, after Harvard gets through with us. It's up to you, Walker.

(*He rejoins girls.*)

ARMSTRONG. Excuse me.

BAILY. Guess I'll have to be going too.

(*They rejoin girls. LUDLOW advances and shakes hands with CARSON.*)

LUDLOW. I'll stand by you, old man. I—oh—it's a damn rotten shame.

CARSON. Thanks, kid. I don't know just what's up, but I appreciate it anyway.

(*LUDLOW steps back toward fence. All listen.*)

WALKER. Well, Carson, what have you got to say for yourself?

CARSON. I don't know just what you mean, but I will say that I have had just about enough of your bull-doing.

WALKER. Yes, you are a pretty man to talk about bull-doing, aren't you? Carson, you and I have been mighty good friends. We have roomed together nearly three years, and I never knew you to do a thing like that before at any time. Man, do you realize what you have done? Do you know that you have lost the meet for us? Do you know that just because you didn't have strength of character enough to keep from getting drunk (*CARSON starts*) that Yale will lose. You knew that it would be close at best. You knew we needed your fifteen points. I am done with you! You are no Yale man! You are a disgrace to Yale!



(*He turns on his heel and rejoins others. CARSON tries to speak but seems to be overcome with emotion. He turns and walks to fence standing with back to audience.*)

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Come, I think that after this disgraceful affair we had better go.

(*ALL start across stage to R., HELEN in rear. CARSON turns and watches them go. No one looks at him. HELEN drops her handkerchief. CARSON jumps to pick it up.*)

CARSON. Won't you listen to me, just a minute, please? I know I made an awful fool of myself yesterday, Miss Beckwith, and I want to ask you again to forgive me. I tried to get a chance to ask you when we were here a few minutes ago. But more than that I want you to understand about last night.

HELEN. There is nothing to understand, Mr. Carson. You were intoxicated, that is enough. Deny it if you can.

CARSON. No, I can't deny it, but——

HELEN. See, I told you, you couldn't deny it. (*she starts to go*)

CARSON. But—but—you—you—please let me explain.

HELEN. No explanation is necessary. I might have forgiven you for what you did yesterday, but I could never forgive you for being drunk the day before the Harvard Meet. Mr. Walker is right, you are not a Yale man, you are disgrace to Yale!

(*She walks away R. CARSON bows his head.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

*Dressing-room Yale Track Team, Yale Field, New Haven, during the Yale-Harvard track meet. The room has a tier of lockers on the back wall and another in the left wall. Two rubbing tables, L. and L. C. On the back wall in the center is hung a large black-board, having two columns with Harvard at the top of one and Yale at the top of the other. There is a large door R. Before the rise of the curtain the famous Yale cheer is heard.)*

Breka Co ax Co ax Co ax,

Breka Co ax Co ax Co ax,

O—up! O—up!

Para Baloo

Yale! Yale! Yale!

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Yale!

*(It is followed immediately by the Harvard cheer:)*

Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Harvard!

*(On the rise of the curtain, the members of the Yale team, TURNER, FOSTER, ALLISON, ANDERSON, DWIGHT, MCCOY, JONES, ARMSTRONG, CAMPBELL, and LUDLOW are seated on benches and standing. CARSON is on rubbing table L. C., and OLCOTT on rubbing table L., WALKER and MIKE are standing talking R. Two swipes are standing by table.)*

(Enter ANNOUNCER BAILY, R.)

BAILY. First call for high hurdles, shot put and high jump. Last call for hundred.

(CARSON and OLLCOTT sit up, CAMPBELL and MCCOY stand, CAMPBELL carrying shot. ALLISON and DWIGHT also prepare to go.)

MIKE. Just a word before you go out, you fellows. You've got to beat Harvard to-day! You're going to beat 'em. But don't you think for one minute you are going to have a snap. You're not. See! You've got to work for every inch you get. This is going to be one of the best meets ever held in New Haven, so look out for records. You sprinters come first. It's up to you, see! Win first and second in the hundred and you'll scare 'em to death. And you long distance men, you get your points! Walker, here, is good for ten points, we all know that, but you other fellows, don't you stop. Jones, if you don't get a point to-day, you will never run again. And you field men, just because your events don't look very good, don't think we don't need your points, so you get 'em, see! You're all in shape. I've seen to that, so if you lose to-day it is because you are rotten. That's all. Cap Walker may have something to say.

(Harvard cheer is heard outside.)

WALKER. Yes, I have. It is this: Do you hear that cheer? That's Harvard's cheer. Their men are coming out on the track now. (Yale cheer is heard) There! There! Do you hear that? That's the Yale cheer! Yale! Yale! Say, fellows, doesn't that thrill you? If you can't win now you don't deserve to win. Some of you are Seniors the same as I am, but most of you are not. Some day maybe you will realize what it means to be waiting to go into the last race you will ever run for Yale. It is for Yale, fellows, for Old Eli. Oh, it means so much

to me to win this meet to-day, but I am afraid, afraid, and you know why. It is because one of you is a disgrace to Yale.

CARSON. (*jumping up on the table*) Stop! That will do, Walker. Even if you are my captain, I will not stand for another insult from you. You in your pig-headed selfishness wouldn't listen to me when I tried to explain. And you other fellows, you who have pretended to be my friends, wouldn't give me a chance to clear myself. All but a Freshman, Ludlow stood by me. Now, to hell with you! I am a disgrace to Yale, am I? Well, I am done with you and Yale, too! (ALL *start*) No, don't think that I am not going to run. You bet your life I am going to run! And I am going to win! Win! You watch me! But it's not for you, damn you! It's not for you, and it's not for Yale! It's for my old dad, who is sitting out there in the grandstand. He came all the way from Europe to see me win to-day, and you bet I shan't disappoint him. And you, Walker, will win your last meet in college, don't worry, and your vanity will be satisfied. Now watch me!

(*He jumps down and runs out R., followed by OLLCOTT, CAMPBELL and MCCOY. Yale cheer is heard with three CARSONS.*)

MIKE. That's what he needed.

(*He goes to door, holding watch ready.*)

(*Enter BAILY, R.*)

BAILY. First call for two mile, broad jump and pole vault. Last call for high hurdles, shot put and high jump.

(ARMSTRONG, FOSTER, ALLISON and DWIGHT *leave* R. Gun crack is heard. ALL *watch from door.*)

MIKE. Look at the kid go! I told you he was all right!

CROWD. (*outside yelling*) Carson, Carson, Carson! Turner, Turner, Turner! Etc.

MIKE. (*snapping watch*) Six yards to the good! Nine—three! A record! I knew the kid was there!

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Hundred yard dash; Carson, Yale, first. Turner, Harvard, second. Time, nine and three-fifths seconds.

(*Swipe chalks up points, Harvard 3. Yale 5. Loud cheering.*)

(*Enter OLLCOTT. He crosses to corner L.*)

WALKER. Hard lines, Ollie, old boy. Better luck in the two-twenty.

(*Gun cracks, MIKE snaps watch. ALL look.*)

MIKE. They're off in the hurdles! Oh, hell, that was a rotten start!

WALKER. Look at Armstrong come now!

CROWD. (*outside cheering*) Yale, Yale, Armstrong. Harvard, Harvard, Pearsol! Etc.

MIKE. (*snapping watch*) Rotten! Only second place. Fifteen-four, and he's done fifteen-three.

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) One hundred and twenty yard hurdles. Pearson, Harvard, first. Armstrong, Yale, second. Time, fifteen and four-fifths seconds.

(*Swipe chalks up points, Harvard 8. Yale 8. Loud Harvard cheering outside.*)

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Shot put, won by Ralston, Harvard; Campbell, Yale, second. Distance, forty-six feet, four and one-half inches.

(*Swipe chalks up points, Harvard 13. Yale 11. Loud Harvard cheering outside.*)

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Running high jump, Ferris, Harvard, first; Allison, Yale, second. Height, six feet, two inches.

*(Swipe chalks up points, Harvard 18. Yale 14.  
Loud Harvard cheering outside.)*

*(Enter CAMPBELL, MCCOY, ALLISON, ARMSTRONG,  
FOSTER and DWIGHT.)*

WALKER. Nice work, Beef! *(CAMPBELL grunts)*  
Hard luck, Artie, do better next time. Allison, you  
ought to have had the high.

ALLISON. I know it, but I couldn't get my take-  
off.

MIKE. Why didn't Carson come in?

CAMPBELL. Don't know, guess he is going to  
jump first. Talking to his dad I think.

*(Enter BAILY.)*

BAILY. First call for the eight-eighty and ham-  
mer throw. Last call for the two mile, broad jump  
and pole vault.

*(Exit TURNER, ALLISON and DWIGHT.)*

*(LUDLOW is seen to be very nervous. He and JONES  
are preparing to go.)*

WALKER. *(to LUDLOW shaking hands)* Come on,  
kid, it is up to you now. We have confidence in  
you.

LUDLOW. I'll do my best, Cap.

MIKE. Now, Jones, remember what I told you.  
And you too, kid. Stick right to Miller like a leech.  
Don't let him get away from you for one second.  
And then when you come to the last hundred—give  
him hell.

*(Exit LUDLOW and JONES R.)*

CAMPBELL. *(looking at board)* Eighteen to four-  
teen! That's rotten.

MIKE. That's all right, you get in and win the  
hammer now and it will help some.

*(Gun crack is heard. MIKE snaps watch.)*

MIKE. They're off! Yes, the kid has a good  
place.

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Running broad jump, won by Carson, Yale; Horton, Harvard, second. Distance, twenty-four feet, two and one-half inches.

(*Swipe chalks up points, Harvard 21. Yale 19. Loud Yale cheering.*)

CAMPBELL. Well, Carson is doing pretty fair even if he was drunk Wednesday.

ARMSTRONG. I should say so.

CAMPBELL. Do you know, I more than half believe we made a mistake.

ARMSTRONG. What mistake could there be?

CAMPBELL. Oh, I don't know. Ludlow was probably twisted.

MIKE. (*watching from door*) My, what a pace, the first mile in four-fifty! But the kid is hanging on great.

CROWD. (*outside cheering*) Harvard, Harvard, Miller, Ludlow, Ludlow, Yale! Etc.

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Pole vault, Dwight, Yale, first. Allison, Yale, second. Height, twelve feet, one inch.

(*Fellows in room get excited.*)

(*Swipe chalks up points, Harvard 21. Yale 27.*)

WALKER. That looks better. If Ludlow could only win this it would fix us.

(*Enter DWIGHT and ALLISON.*)

WALKER. Fine work, Dwight, I knew you could do it. (*Shakes hands*) You, too, Allison. I am proud of you both. (*Shakes hands with ALLISON*)

MIKE. There they go into the last lap. They are going to make it better than nine-fifty. That Miller is a wonder.

ARMSTRONG. But look at the kid stick!

MIKE. You watch him in another year.

CROWD. (*outside cheering*) Miller, Miller, Ludlow, Ludlow! Etc.

ARMSTRONG. There Miller goes on his sprint. (*Cheering keeps up*) The kid's still with him. By Gad, he's going around him! He's doing it, he's doing it! My Gad, what a finish!

MIKE. (*snapping watch*) Nine-forty-seven.  
(*Fellows in roof get excited. Loud Yale cheering outside.*)

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Two mile run, won by Ludlow, Yale, second Miller, Harvard. Time, nine minutes and forty-seven seconds.

(*Swipe chalks up points, Harvard 24. Yale 32.*)

(*Enter LUDLOW and JONES. LUDLOW supported by BAILY and TURNER. He lies down on rubbing table.*)

WALKER. (*shaking hands with him*) Nice work, kid, we're proud of you.

LUDLOW. Thanks, old man.

BAILY. Last call for eight-eighty and hammer throw. First call for four-forty and low hurdles.

(*WALKER, CAMPBELL and McCoy start to leave.*)

BAILY. Nice work, you fellows. Keep it up and I'll set you up to the swellest feed in town when I get my thousand. Fizz water, too.

CAMPBELL. All right, kid, I haven't had anything to eat for a year.

(*Exit CAMPBELL and McCoy.*)

MIKE. Now, Cap, go to it. Take the pole and hold it all the way.

WALKER. All right, Mike.

(*Exit WALKER and BAILY R.*)

MIKE. Here's five points anyway.

(*Yale cheer for WALKER is heard. Gun cracks. MIKE snaps watch.*)

ARMSTRONG. Gad, what a start! What does that



man Tedford think he's doing? Running a hundred yard dash? Ah, Cap's got the pole now. They certainly are going some.

MIKE. They'll beat one-fifty-five if they keep that up.

ARMSTRONG. There, Cap's slowing up just a bit.

CROWD. (*outside cheering*) Harvard, Harvard, Tedford! Walker, Walker, Yale, Yale!

MIKE. First quarter in fifty-five!

ARMSTRONG. Say, that is great. Cap certainly is the goods!

MIKE. (*to Swipe*) Here, kid, run out and tell Carson to come in and get a rub before the twenty.

(*Exit Swipe.*)

ARMSTRONG. (*clutching MIKE's arm*) My Gad, what's the matter with Cap? He's limping! (*ALL look*) He's fallen. No, he's up again. No, he's down for good!

(*Groan from ALL. Exit MIKE hurriedly.*)

DWIGHT. He must have sprained his ankle. That fixes us.

LUDLOW. And he won't be able to run the mile.

(*Enter WALKER supported by MIKE and SWIPE.*)

MIKE. (*to Swipe*) A bucket of hot water, quick!

(*WALKER sits on bench. Exit Swipe.*)

LUDLOW. What is it, Cap?

WALKER. I stepped in a starting hole and sprained my ankle.

ARMSTRONG. Can't you run the mile?

WALKER. Yes, I'll be all right in a few minutes.

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Eight-eighty yard run won by Tedford, Harvard; Funston, Harvard, second. Time, one minute, fifty-nine and one-fifth seconds.

(*Loud Harvard cheers outside. Swipe chalks up points. Harvard 32. Yale 32.*)

(*Other Swipe brings bucket of hot water and they bathe WALKER's ankle.*)

MIKE. I am afraid it is all off, Cap, you can't step on that.

WALKER. Oh, I'll step on it. You keep on bathing it.

(*Enter BAILY.*)

BAILY. Last call for the four-forty and low hurdles. First call for the two-twenty yard dash and mile. (*He crosses to WALKER*) Hard luck, old Cap. How it is? Is it all off?

WALKER. No, sir, I am going to run yet.

BAILY. (*leaving*) Gad, I hope so, or good-bye for muh.

(*Exit BAILY, FOSTER, ANDERSON and ARMSTRONG.*)

OLLCOTT. Andy will give Bradford all he wants in the four-forty, but then he can't do much in the hurdles.

(*Gun crack is heard. ALL look but WALKER and MIKE.*)

OLLCOTT. Bradford's got the pole. Gad, what a pee! But Andy is sticking in great shape.

CROWD. (*outside cheering*) Harvard, Harvard, Yale, Yale! etc. (*long*)

MIKE. How does it feel now, Cap?

WALKER. It hurts some yet, but it will be all right. Keep on bathing it.

OLLCOTT. Oh, he's got Andy, he can't get better than second.

(*Harvard cheering. ALL turn away dejectedly.*)

WALKER. What did he get?

OLLCOTT. Only second. That puts them ahead again.

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Four-forty yard dash won by Bradford, Harvard; Anderson, Yale, second. Time, forty-nine and one-fifth seconds.

(*Swipe chalks up points. Harvard 3%. Yale 3%.  
Harvard cheering.*)

WALKER. How's the hammer throw?

OLLCOTT. Beef's away ahead, and McCoy was pushing Hadley hard. There I think Baily is going to announce it.

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Hammer throw, Campbell, Yale, first; Hadley, Harvard, second. Distance, one hundred and sixty-one feet, four and one-half inches.

(*Fellows in room get excited. Loud Yale cheering.*)

(*Swipe chalks up points. Harvard 40. Yale 40.*)

DWIGHT. Tied again, Gad, this is close!

(*Enter FOSTER dejectedly. He crosses to corner and sits.*)

OLLCOTT. Hard luck, Foster. They are going out for the start of the hurdles.

(*Enter CAMPBELL and McCoy.*)

WALKER. Great work, Beef. Hard luck, Tom.

CAMPBELL. (*sitting on bench*) Thanks, I am not going to work again for a year. How's the ankle?

WALKER. Better, thanks.

(*Enter BAILY.*)

BAILY. Last call for the two-twenty yard dash. (*Crosses to WALKER*) I've had the referee put off the mile for a few minutes on account of your ankle.

WALKER. Thanks, kid.

(*Gun crack is heard.*)

BAILY. There they go in the hurdles. I must hustle.

(*Exit BAILY and OLLCOTT. ALL watch.*)

DWIGHT. Oh, it's all off. Armstrong never could run the low hurdles, and Andy is too tired after the four-forty.

ALLISON. Just wait, he may get a place yet.

CROWD. (*outside cheering*) Harvard, Harvard, Manning, Pearson! etc.

(*ALL turn away dejectedly.*)

WALKER. How about it?

DWIGHT. Both first and second.

WALKER. Harvard?

DWIGHT. Yes.

WALKER. Let me try it now. (*He tries to step on foot, but sinks back to bench with a groan*) Get some more hot water.

(*Exit SWIPE, returning in minute with hot water.*)

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Two-twenty yard hurdles won by Pearson, Harvard; Manning, Harvard, second. Time, twenty-five and one-fifth seconds.

(*SWIPE chalks up points. Harvard 48. Yale 40.*)

CAMPBELL. Gad, that is rotten! Eight points ahead! Can't something be done!

(*Enter BAILY, ANDERSON and ARMSTRONG.*)

BAILY. How is it, Cap? Can you run?

WALKER. Yes, I'll run yet. Put on the adhesive, Mike.

(*MIKE takes the adhesive plaster and puts it on. Gun crack is heard.*)

BAILY. There goes the two-twenty.

(*Exit BAILY. ALL watch. Cheering outside.*)

CAMPBELL. Look at the kid come, would you! Speed! Carson could beat a cyclone!

DWIGHT. And look at Ollcott, too. If we get first and second that ties us up again.

CROWD. (*outside cheering*) Carson, Carson, Olcott! Etc.

CAMPBELL. By Gad, they've done it!

WALKER. What is it?

CAMPBELL. First and second.

WALKER. For us?

CAMPBELL. You bet your life.

BAILY. (*outside announcing*) Two hundred and twenty yard dash, won by Carson, Yale; Olcott, Yale, second. Time, twenty-one and three-fifths seconds. The score is now tied forty-eight each.

(*Swipe chalks up points. Harvard 48. Yale 48.*)

WALKER. All right, now watch me. (*He tries to stand, but again sinks to bench with a groan*) Get me a pair of tennis shoes. I'll try them.

MIKE. You can't run in tennis shoes, Cap.

WALKER. Let me try 'em.

MIKE. All right.

(*He gets tennis shoes and helps WALKER put them on. Enter BAILY.*)

BAILY. Last call for the mile. They won't put it off any longer. Come on, old kid, win this and we've got 'em skinned.

(*ALL watch WALKER as he tries to stand. Enter*

CARSON. *He watches too. WALKER gets up and steps on foot carefully. Takes step, grits teeth, takes another and sinks to floor with a groan.*

DWIGHT. Oh, that settles our hash!

(*ALL look dejected.*)

CAMPBELL. (*to LUDLOW*) I guess it's up to you, kid.

WALKER. (*getting up and standing supported by MIKE*) No, Ludlow has done his share, and he is dead tired. It would kill him to run another mile. There is no one here who has trained for the long distance, but Jones.

JONES. Oh, I can't run the mile.

WALKER. No, I wasn't going to ask you to, Jones. We know you can't run anything. But, fellows, it is up to one of you. It's for Yale, fellows, Yale! Old Eli is calling. I can't go, I am worse than no man. But she needs someone, someone who dares enter that race. Someone who will stand the gaff. Who will run the mile?

CARSON. I will.

ALL. You!

CARSON. Yes, I.

WALKER. Why, Carson, you can't do it. You never ran over a four-forty in your life.

CARSON. That doesn't make any difference. Yale needs me, and it is for Old Eli this time.

*(Exit CARSON. ALL start for door.)*

MIKE. Wait a minute you fellows. There goes the greatest athlete Yale ever saw, yes, and the whitest man, and you fellows turned him down without a hearing, and now look what he is doing for you and Yale. You are a pretty bunch, ain't you? What th' hell if he was drunk. *(Yale cheers is heard very loud with three CARSONS)* There, the crowd sees he is going to run. Hear that cheer? Did you ever hear it given louder? Now all of you go out and help him win.

*(Gun crack is heard. MIKE snaps watch. ALL exit but MIKE and WALKER. MIKE starts to go.)*

WALKER. Let me have the watch, Mike.

MIKE. All right.

*(He hands watch to WALKER and exits.)*

WALKER. Mike is right, he is the whitest man in Yale. Yes, and the whitest man God ever made, and I, I didn't trust him. What if he was drunk, maybe there was a reason. That girl! Miss Beck-with! He seems pretty hard hit. And I said he was

a disgrace to Yale. Oh, I was a selfish cad. Can I ever make it right with him?

CROWD (*outside cheering*) Harvard, Harvard! Newman, Newman! Yale, Yale! Carson, Carson! Etc.

WALKER. There, there, they must be at the end of the first lap. (*He hobbles over to door*) Yes, there they go. (*Looks at watch*) Sixty seconds! The first quarter must have been close to fifty-six, and the kid is sticking like a leech. If he can only stand the gaff till the last two-twenty he will win on his nerve. Poor old Yale has only one man in this. Two to one.

(*"Bright College Years" is started. He hobbles to feet.*)

WALKER. There, there, they are singing, "Bright College Years." Now he will run. (*Pause*) There they are at the half. (*Looks at watch*) Two-five, Gad, what a pace! But he's sticking. Go it, Carson, old boy, go it! Oh, God, if I were only there! (*He pauses till end of song, waving handkerchief above head on last two lines*) Yes, for Yale, for Old Eli! Carson, Carson, you are doing it! (*Very loud cheering outside. He looks at watch*) Third quarter, three-twelve! Newman's after a record, but he is bound to stop soon. Go on, Carson, go on! Oh, here's where it hurts, old boy. I know, I know, on the last lap before the sprint. I know, I have been there, but stick to him, stick to him! (*Cheering outside*) He's getting ready for his sprint. Not yet, boy, not yet! Wait till he starts! Wait till he starts! Wait till he starts! But watch him, watch him close, watch him, watch him—now! Now, boy, go it, go it! Yale. Yale! Go on! Yale! Carson! (*Very loud cheering outside*) He's even, yes he is, now, boy, it's only a little way! He's got him, he's got him! He's passed him! Carson! Carson! Carson!

(*Very loud Yale cheering. WALKER sinks to bench exhausted. Enter crowd yelling. CAMPBELL and MCCOY carrying CARSON on their shoulders. CARSON has bunch of violets in his hands.*)

## CURTAIN.

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## ACT IV.

*Library and den of ALICE FAIRFIELD'S home. Evening following Yale-Harvard Track Meet. Door with portieres C. Door L. Fireplace with ingle-nook seats R. Morris chair before fireplace. Divan R. of C. D. Piano L. Table with two chairs about C. Small desk with two telephones L. On rise of curtain room is lighted only by firelight. HELEN is discovered seated in Morris chair before fire.*

(*Enter ALICE C. She starts toward fireplace and sees HELEN.*)

ALICE. Oh, hello, dear; I didn't know you had come down yet. (*Pause*) What's the matter, honey, why so pensive?

HELEN. (*feigning surprise*) Oh, nothing, why?

ALICE. Oh, nothing, why? Why, my dear, you have a look in your eyes as if your thoughts were a thousand miles away or—or—perhaps they were only about a mile, in a certain room in Vanderbilt Hall. Sprinters, who can jump in at the last minute and do a mile, in record time, are dangerous.

HELEN. Now, Alice, please don't. You know——

ALICE. Yes, I know you were so excited you threw him your violets when he finished.

HELEN. Of course I was excited. Didn't I want Yale to win? But I should have thrown them to anyone.



ALICE. Yes, and when they were coming down the home stretch didn't you cry with all your might, "Come on, Dick! Come on! Come on!" Oh, I was watching you.

HELEN. Oh, Alice, you must never tell anyone. I didn't realize what I was doing.

ALICE. No, perhaps not, but the fact remains that you were more than ordinarily interested.

HELEN. But, dear, you know I can never, never forgive him.

ALICE. Never forgive him for what? Fooling you or—or—the other?

HELEN. I can never forgive him for either. It makes me angry yet when I think how he deceived me. There was absolutely no call for it, and then—and then—the other—oh I can't bear to even think of that.

ALICE. Helen, dear, do you know I think we made a horrible mistake. Dick Carson never drank a drop of liquor before in his life, and I cannot believe he did so this time without some reason for it.

HELEN. What reason could there be?

ALICE. I don't know, (*pause*) but I have heard of men getting drunk when they had been jilted.

HELEN. What do you mean?

ALICE. You know you turned him down pretty hard, dear—and then——

HELEN. Well I am glad he did if he is that kind of a man!

ALICE. Oh, I don't believe that was it after all, anyway I have sent him a special note asking him to come to-night. I told him I was sorry for the way we treated him yesterday, that I trusted him and wanted to see him, and if he comes you must be nice to him.

(*Telephone bell rings. ALICE turns on lights, goes to desk and sits. She speaks before taking down receiver.*)

ALICE. Promise me please, dear.

HELEN. Yes, I'll try, but we must have a formal introduction.

ALICE. Oh, certainly if you want it. (*she takes down receiver*) Hello—hello—*she hangs up receiver and takes down other one*) Hello—yes this is 6708—yes Mrs. Fairfield's—Who?—Gwen Hardy?—Yes she's here. I'll call her; just hold your phone, please. (*places receiver on table and goes to door and calls*) Gwen, oh Gwen, dear! You are wanted at the phone, dear. (*she goes back to phone and talks*) Hello—no, but she will be right down. (*puts down receiver and crosses to HELEN*) Oh dear, such popularity!

HELEN. Which one is it this time?

(*Enter GWEN C.*)

GWEN. Which phone is it, Alice? (*looks at phones*) Oh yes, I see. (*she crosses to phones and then turns and looks at other girls, showing that she wants them to go*)

ALICE. (*laughing*) Come, Helen. (*HELEN rises and they start out c.*) I think maybe we are de trop. (*as they reach door she calls back*) Five minutes limit, Gwen.

(*Exit HELEN and ALICE laughing.*)

(*GWEN sits down and takes up receiver.*)

GWEN. Hello—yes this is Gwen—Oh it's you, Mr. Campbell?—What—Oh, did I?—All right then, William—what?—William is too dignified? You don't want me to call you Willie, do you?—What?—just plain Will?—All right then, Plain Will—(*other telephone bell rings*)—oh dear, wait just a minute please. (*takes down other receiver and puts it to other ear*) Hello—(*turns to 1st phone*)—Wait just a minute. (*turns to 2nd phone*) Yes this is Main 6048—yes this is Gwen. (*turns to 1st phone*) Wait just a minute.—What?—There is no one here.—(*turns to 2nd phone*)—What?—Oh it's you, Mr.

Ludlow—(*to 1st phone*) No, he's not. (*to 2nd phone*) There is no one here. Wait just a minute please. (*to 1st phone*) If you don't wait just a minute I'll never speak to you again, William Campbell. (*to 2nd phone*) No he's not, really he's not, Mr. Ludlow.—Oh did I?—All right, John—what?—John is too dignified?—Just plain Jack—all right Pl—(*to 1st phone*) How many dances? I shan't give you any if you don't wait.—No—no—don't hang up, W—Will. I'll—I'll talk to you in just a minute. (*to 2nd phone*) How many dances?—I shan't give you any—What?—Oh no, don't hang up—(*to 1st phone*) Oh no, don't—hello—hello—oh dear, he's gone. (*to 2nd phone*) Oh no, don't—hello—hello—hello—oh dear, he's gone too. (*hangs up receivers and stands up*) My gracious, I hope I haven't made them both angry! (*crosses to table c.*) Oh dear, what am I to do? (*sees photograph and picks it up*) Oh, here is a perfectly dear picture of Mr. Lud—Ja—Jack in his track suit. I shall ask Alice to give it to me.

(*Enter HELEN, EDITH, MARY and ALICE c. HELEN and EDITH cross to fireplace.*)

ALICE. Time's up, Gwen.

MARY. Which is to be the lucky one this time, Gwen?

GWEN. Oh, gracious, I don't know.

ALICE. Methinks it was William's melodious voice I heard over the telephone. (*mock seriousness*) Look here, young lady, I won't stand for you trifling with the young affections of my Cousin Jack.

GWEN. Oh no—I—I—won't, Alice—Oh yes, here is a perfectly dear picture of Jack—I mean Mr. Ludlow in his track suit. Won't you give it to me, Alice dear?

(*MARY crosses to piano and looks over music.*)

ALICE. I am afraid I couldn't, and then what would William say?

GWEN. Oh dear, I had forgotten ail about him!

ALICE. (*laughing*) I am afraid you are a fickle little flirt, Gwen.

(*Enter* MRS. FAIRFIELD C.)

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Good evening, girls, I am awfully glad to see you.

(MARY and EDITH *bow and smile*. ALICE *crosses to* MARY.)

GWEN. How do you do, Mrs. Fairfield?

MRS. FAIRFIELD. (*crossing to her*) Well, my dear, it has been a very exciting day, hasn't it?

GWEN. I should say so, and you should be awfully proud of Jack. Wasn't he just fine in the two-mile—run? See, Alice, I knew what the name of it was this time.

ALICE. Yes, but, Gwen dear, haven't you forgotten how grand William was in the hammer throw and shot put? (ALICE *laughs*)

GWEN. Oh gracious yes. Wasn't he just—just divine, Mrs. Fairfield?

MRS. FAIRFIELD. (*sitting L. of table*) Yes indeed. Oh you foolish little girl! (*pause*) Well our friend Richard Carson did remarkably well after his disgraceful conduct.

ALICE. Mother, I think we have all been mistaken, ~~that~~ is, I don't think we understand all of the circumstances.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. I don't think there are any further circumstances to understand.

ALLRIGHT. (*outside*) No, I thank you, I shall enter immediately.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Ah, here is our dear friend Professor Allbright.

ALLRIGHT. Good evening, ladies.

ALL. Good evening, Professor Allbright.

ALLRIGHT. Only Assistant Professor.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. (*advancing to shake hands*)

We are delighted that you honor us with your presence this evening.

ALLBRIGHT. The pleasure is all mine, my dear Mrs. Fairfield.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Oh, now, don't be selfish, my dear Professor Allbright, allow us at least a part of the pleasure. Come, let us be seated.

*(She leads him to divan L. of door and they sit talking earnestly.)*

EDITH. Yes, it certainly was a great meet! Fifty-one to fifty-three! But tell me, what do you think about Dick Carson, did he get drunk purposely?

HELEN. I am sure I do not know.

EDITH. There, you mustn't be too hard on him.

*(Enter LUDLOW c.)*

LUDLOW. Hello, everybody!

ALL. Hello, Jack! Etc. etc.

LUDLOW. Thought I'd come early and avoid the rush.

ALICE. *(coming forward and taking both his hands)* Good! We're awfully glad to see you, Jack, old boy, and we are as proud of you as can be! I'd kiss you right here if it were not for all these people.

LUDLOW. Come on, you folks, you're excused.

ALICE. No nothing like that, Jack.

LUDLOW. Oh, very well, such is always my fate.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. John, aren't you going to allow your old aunt to congratulate you?

LUDLOW. You bet your life. *(he crosses to her and shakes hands bowing very low)* Yours is the one that counts most.

*(GWEN turns up her nose.)*

ALLBRIGHT. I understand, my young friend, that you have brought glory to Yale by your exertions upon the Athletic Field to-day. If you acquit yourself as credibly with your academic curriculum

throughout your course, we shall all have reason to be proud of you.

LUDLOW. Thanks Prof., I shall try. (*he returns to others*) But say: wasn't it great? Fifty-three to fifty-one! And the way Carson ran the mile! And he never ran over a four-forty in his life before. But it was for Yale! Say, what won't a fellow do for Yale?

ALICE. But tell us, Jack, how did he happen to run the mile? We all felt pretty gloomy when poor Charley sprained his ankle, and then when we saw Dick come out when the mile was called, we didn't know what to make of it till the race was started.

LUDLOW. Well you see it was this way; when Cap sprained his ankle there wasn't anyone to run the mile, so he called for a volunteer to do it. I tell you he made a great plea for Yale! There wasn't a man there but would have done it or killed himself trying; but Carson was too quick for them. He just butted right in and said, "I will." We couldn't believe our ears at first, because when all the fellows turned him down at the beginning of the meet, he told us he was done with us and Yale too, and I didn't blame him either. But there he was saying it sure 'nuff. "Carson, you can't do it," Cap said, "You never ran over a four-forty in your life." "That doesn't make any difference! Yale needs me, and it is for Old Eli this time." You all saw the race. I wouldn't have missed it for a million dollars! Think of it! After he had won three events already, and broken one record to run a race like that! Run! Why Carson is the greatest runner that ever lived! Well as you know, everyone went clear plumb crazy when he beat Newman out, and his father came and hustled him off to his room in an auto before any of the fellows had a chance to square things with him. I tell you what, the old man was proud of Dick. You know he used to be quite a long distance runner himself when he was in Yale along in the seventies.

ALICE. Well, I should think he would be proud.

LUDLOW. But I must tell you why Carson was drunk.

ALICE. Oh, do you know?

LUDLOW. You bet I do, I knew all along there was some good reason for it, but it wasn't what I thought. *(he looks at HELEN. She looks down)*

ALICE. What was it? *(she looks at HELEN)*

LUDLOW. Well, after the meet Mike got us all in the dressing room, turned everyone else out and gave us thunder. Gad, but that man can swear! He can make a drunken Irishman on St. Patrick's Day look like a Methodist minister when it comes to swearing.

ALICE. Well, what has swearing got to do with Dick?

LUDLOW. Well you know Dick had gone stale.

ALICE. Yes.

LUDLOW. So Mike had given him champagne *(all girls start)* to try to bring him around in time for the meet, and he got good and gloriously drunk.

*(EDITH whispers something to HELEN. HELEN shakes her head.)*

ALICE. But why didn't he tell everyone before?

LUDLOW. Because Dick needed something to goad him on; at least Mike said he did, but I don't believe it.

ALICE. We all owe Dick an apology. Oh I do hope he will come to-night!

LUDLOW. Yes, he's coming all right. He's gone to the train with his father, but said he would be here later.

ALICE. Oh, I am so glad!

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Yes, I am afraid we were a little too hasty in passing our judgment upon Richard. I shall be glad to rectify my error.

*(LUDLOW crosses to GWEN and they converse.)*

ALLBRIGHT. But to resume, my dear Mrs. Fairfield—

(*Enter CAMPBELL and ARMSTRONG C.*)

ALICE. Hello, boys, awfully glad to see you! Congratulations!

(*ALICE shakes hands with them.*)

GWEN. Oh, here is Mr. Campbell, I must speak to him.

(*She crosses to him. LUDLOW looks mad. ALICE talks to ARMSTRONG.*)

MARY. (*to LUDLOW*) Don't worry, Mr. Ludlow, she will be back soon.

GWEN. We are all awfully proud of you, Mr. Campbell—I mean William. You—you threw the two mile—run perfectly grand to-day. (*they converse, GWEN sitting on chair L. of table*)

(*Enter BAILY C.*)

BAILY. Hello, everybody! I guess that will help some, no?

ALICE. Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Baily.

BAILY. Thanks awfully. Oh I wish I could be a hero! The other fellows will be right down.

ALICE. Oh, Mr. Baily, your announcing was fine.

BAILY. Thanks again. (*he crosses to EDITH and HELEN and they talk*)

(*Enter TURNER, FOSTER, ALLISON, ANDERSON, DWIGHT, MCCOY, JONES and OLLCOTT. ALICE shakes hands with each.*)

ALICE. Hello, boys! So glad you could come to-night, Mr. Turner! (*he crosses to L.*) And Spud Foster. Too bad you got such a poor start in the four-forty to-day. Do better next time. (*he crosses to R.*) Nice work, Mr. Allison, we are all proud of you. (*he crosses to R.*) And Mr. Anderson, we are proud of you too. (*he crosses to L.*) I certainly must congratulate you, Jim. Your vaulting was simply great. (*he crosses to L.*) Hard luck, Tom, we thought you had second in the hammer, your work



was fine anyway. (*he crosses to R.*) And poor Mr. Jones, I am awfully sorry you didn't win.

JONES. Ah, no one could win if he didn't get a square deal.

ALICE. Well that is too bad, Mr. Jones. (*he crosses to L. C.*) Well, Ollie Ollcott, we certainly are proud of the way you ran the two-twenty. It was simply great! Now all of you make yourselves at home. (*he crosses to R.*) The orchestra will play soon and then we can dance.

(*Enter WALKER on crutches.*)

ALICE. Hello, Charley, you poor boy! How are you? (*shakes hands*)

MRS. FAIRFIELD. (*coming forward and shaking hands*) Well, Charley Walker, we are awfully glad to see you are able to be here to-night. How is your ankle?

WALKER. Oh it's all right. I wish you folks wouldn't make such a fuss over it. Has anyone seen Carson? Is he to be here to-night?

LUDLOW. Yes, I saw him for just a minute. He's gone to the train with his dad. He'll be here soon.

(*Orchestra starts to play.*)

WALKER. Good, I want to see him.

ALICE. There the orchestra has started to play, we can all dance now.

(*WALKER crosses to Morris chair in front of fireplace.*)

CAMPBELL and LUDLOW. (*together*) May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss Gwen?

(*She takes arm of each and they go out L.*)

ALLBRIGHT. Will you honor me, my dear Mrs. Fairfield?

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Certainly, my dear Professor Allbright.

(*She takes his arm and they go out L.*)

(BAILY and EDITH go out together, DWIGHT and HELEN, and ARMSTRONG and MARY. The others in groups, ALICE following them to door and watching.)

WALKER. Alice.

ALICE. Yes?

WALKER. Come here, won't you please? (*she crosses to him*) Alice, do you know I have made an awful ass of myself.

ALICE. Oh no, Charley, I am sure Dick won't hold it up against you.

WALKER. No, maybe not, but I mean something else.

ALICE. What?

WALKER. I mean what I said about you being interested in Carson.

ALICE. There, please don't, Charley, I know you didn't mean it. You were all worked up about the meet, and didn't realize what you were saying.

WALKER. Then you forgive me?

ALICE. (*holding out hand*) Of course I do.

(*He takes her hand and draws her to him.*)

(*Enter CARSON C.*)

CARSON. Hello! (*ALICE jerks her hand away*) 'Scuse me for butting in. Didn't see you. I'll go.

ALICE. (*coming forward and holding out hand*) No, you foolish boy, I am so glad you came. We simply have to tell you how proud we all are of you. And then—and then—Dick, can you ever forgive us?

CARSON. Oh that's all right, Alice. Hello, Cap. old boy! How's the ankle?

(*CARSON holds out hand and WALKER takes it with a show of emotion.*)

WALKER. Oh the ankle is all right. It can wait, but I want to talk first. I don't know why I made such an ass of myself, I—I——

CARSON. (*putting hands on WALKER'S shoulders*)

Oh that's all right, old man, that's *all* right. Don't think about it any more. You thought you were doing right, and it was all for Old Eli, you know.

WALKER. Yes, that is what you said before the race. And what a race it was! You ran a better mile than I could have.

CARSON. Oh no, nothing like that.

(*Enter HELEN L.*)

HELEN. Oh! (*she turns to go*)

ALICE. (*coming forward*) Oh, Helen, dear, come here a minute please. Miss Beckwith, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Carson, Yale's greatest athlete.

(*CARSON steps forward and holds out his hand. She pretends not to see it, and he lets it fall.*)

HELEN. How do you do, Mr. Carson? I want to congratulate you on your fine work to-day.

CARSON. Thank you, thank you very much, Miss Beckwith.

ALICE. Come, Charley, I want to see mother about the supper.

(*They start toward door L.*)

HELEN. Oh don't go, please.

ALICE. We shan't stay long. You will excuse us I am sure.

HELEN. Certainly, if you must go.

(*Exit ALICE and WALKER L.*)

CARSON. Won't you be seated, Miss Beckwith?

HELEN. (*sitting in Morris chair*) Thank you.

(*CARSON crosses behind her and stands in front of fireplace with elbows on mantelpiece.*) (*Pause.*)

CARSON. (*suddenly*) It's been a fine day to-day, hasn't it, Miss Beckwith?

HELEN. Yes indeed.

CARSON. (*aside*) Gee, that won't do! (*to her*)

How long have you been in New Haven, Miss Beckwith?

HELEN. Since Wednesday morning.

CARSON. Do you like it?

HELEN. Yes, very much.

CARSON. Well, it is a mighty fine place. (*pause*) It's too bad we missed each other at the dance at St. Margaret's last year, but really it wasn't my fault.

HELEN. Mr. Carson!

(*She tries to be stern, but laughs in spite of herself.*)

CARSON. (*suddenly*) Miss Beckwith, can't you forgive me? You understand about Wednesday night now, don't you?

HELEN. Yes, Mr. Ludlow told us, and I am awfully sorry we misjudged you.

CARSON. Then—then you can forgive me for the other too?

HELEN. Oh I didn't say that.

CARSON. But you said last night down by the fence, that you might have forgiven me but for the other.

HELEN. I said I *might* have forgiven you.

(*Enter CAMPBELL and LUDLOW L.*)

CAMPBELL. Now look here, Freshman, I have had just about enough of your butting in. If you don't cut it out——

LUDLOW. Oh is that so? Well I guess I have had just about enough of your butting in.

CAMPBELL. Is that so?

LUDLOW. Yes, you bet it's so! You call yourself a gentleman, yet when a fellow has a dance with a girl, you butt in, and take her away from him.

CAMPBELL. Well it was my dance.

LUDLOW. Well it wasn't!

CAMPBELL. Well what are you going to do about it?

LUDLOW. I'll show you what I am going to do about it. You don't need to think that just because you are a big overgrown lobster that you can bluff me, and if you don't let her alone the rest of the evening I'll show you—*(he starts to go out c.)*

CAMPBELL. Well if you don't let her alone the rest of the evening I'll show you——

*(They exit c. before end of speech.)*

HELEN. Oh don't let them hurt each other, Mr. Carson.

CARSON. Don't worry, they are really the best of friends and wouldn't think of fighting.

HELEN. Yes, but they are in love.

CARSON. That does make a difference, doesn't it? Can't you forgive me——

*(Enter GWEN L.)*

GWEN. Oh—oh—ex—excuse me—but—but—did you see Mr. Campbell or Mr. Ludlow? You see I have this dance with one of them and I don't know which.

CARSON. They just went out to fight a duel. They are probably tearing each other to pieces by this time. You had better go and rescue them.

GWEN. Oh——

*(She runs out c.)*

CARSON. Can't you, Miss——

*(Enter MRS. FAIRFIELD and ALLBRIGHT L. talking.)*

ALLBRIGHT. As I was saying, my dear Mrs. Fairfield, the immortal Hume——

MRS. FAIRFIELD. But pardon me, my dear Professor, here is Mr. Carson, I must speak to him.

*(She crosses to CARSON holding out hand.)*

ALLBRIGHT. So must I.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. Richard, can you ever forgive us

for the disgraceful manner in which we treated you yesterday?

CARSON. Oh that's all right, Mrs. Fairfield, don't say anything more about it please.

MRS. FAIRFIELD. I am truly very sorry, Richard, but you seem to be getting along very nicely here so we shall leave you.

CARSON. Oh yes—yes, very nicely indeed.

ALLBRIGHT. (*stepping forward*) I suppose, Mr. Carson, (*CARSON looks resigned to his fate*) you have carefully considered that portion of Hume's philosophy, which I outlined for you at our last meeting, and will be prepared to give an elaborate dissertation upon the same to-morrow?

CARSON. Oh—yes—yes—certainly, Professor—

MRS. FAIRFIELD. But come, my dear Professor Allbright, I believe Mr. Carson is considering a Philosophy older even than that of the immortal Hume.

(*CARSON looks grateful. HELEN looks embarrassed.*)

ALLBRIGHT. (*going L. with MRS. FAIRFIELD.*) Certainly, my dear Mrs. Fairfield, as I was saying, the divine Hume, in promulgating his immortal cogitations—

(*They exit L. before end of speech.*)

(*Enter CAMPBELL, GWEN and LUDLOW C. before*

*CARSON has time to speak. (He looks mad.)*

CAMPBELL. You know, Miss Gwen, you said you would give the most dances to the one who won the most points, and *I* did, you know.

GWEN. Oh no, Mr. Campbell, I said I'd give the most dances to the one who *did* the most for Yale.

CAMPBELL. Well, didn't I?

GWEN. Oh no, Mr. Campbell, you won the most points all right, but you didn't have to work half so hard as poor Jack here, and—and then, Mr. Campbell, you know obesity is so fatal to romance. I think I have this dance with you, Jack, dear.

(LUDLOW looks very much pleased. CAMPBELL very mad. GWEN takes LUDLOW'S arm and they start to leave L. as others come in L. EDITH and BAILY are leading.)

EDITH. Did you miss this dance, Gwen?

GWEN. Oh, is it over?

BAILY. (seeing CARSON) Oh, fellows, hurry up, here's Carson.

(Enter all others hurriedly.)

BAILY. Long cheer with nine Carsons.

(All give Yale cheer.)

CARSON. Thank you, fellows.

CAMPBELL. Say, fellows, I think we owe Carson an apology. Shall I speak for the bunch?

ALL. Sure! Go ahead. That's it, Beef. Etc. etc.

CAMPBELL. Well, Carson, we have made the biggest kind of asses of ourselves yesterday and to-day.

ALL. That's right, Beef. You bet we did. I should say so. Etc. etc.

CAMPBELL. We might have known better, but we didn't. So now we are ready to get down on our hands and knees in apology.

ALL. You bet we are. That's it. Keep it up, Beef. Etc., etc.

CARSON. Oh that's all right, fellows. Come on, let's dance.

WALKER. (stepping forward) No, we have a little business to attend to first. This is the first time the team has been together since the meet, so this is the time to elect a Captain for next year. You honored me by electing me Captain for this year, and I certainly did appreciate the honor, and I know whoever is elected this year will appreciate it also. We shall have nominations made and then vote by acclamation. We are now ready for nominations.

CAMPBELL. I nominate Dick Carson.

ARMSTRONG. I move the nominations closed.

McCOY. I second the motion.

WALKER. It has been moved and seconded that the nominations close. All in favor of the motion signify the same by the usual sign.

ALL. I—I—I—I—I—I.

WALKER. Contrary the same sign. (*pause*) As there is but one nomination, there is but one man to vote for. All who want to vote for Dick Carson for Captain of Yale's Track Team for next year say I.

ALL. I—I—I. Speech—speech!

CARSON. (*stepping forward*) I certainly do appreciate this, fellows. It is the greatest honor that could be given me, and I shall, I shall, try to be worthy of it. I—I—oh come on, let's dance.

(CAMPBELL and McCOY pick CARSON up on their shoulders and carry him around room as all sing.)

Here's to Richard Carson,  
 Drink it down, drink it down,  
 Here's to Richard Carson,  
 Drink it down, drink it down,  
 Here's to Richard Carson,  
 He's a runner, not a parson,  
 Drink it down, drink it down,  
 Drink it down, down, down.

(On last few lines they carry him out L. all following but HELEN and ALICE. ALICE turns switch and puts out lights.)

ALICE. Well, dear, did he propose?

HELEN. (*sitting in Morris chair*) Oh, now, Alice, don't be foolish.

ALICE. I know he is head over heels in love with you.

HELEN. Oh, I am sure you are mistaken.

ALICE. Oh no I'm not. I know the symptoms. And—and—then he told me himself that—that——

(Enter CARSON L. ALICE sees him and motions to



*him. She crosses to him, whispers and exits L.  
He crosses and stands behind HELEN's chair.)*

HELEN. Wh—what—did you say D—Dick said, dear?

CARSON. He said he loved you. (HELEN *starts and then listens*) Loved you. Oh, I do love you, Helen dear, I do love you! Love at first sight if you will, but it is love. I never, never loved before. I have been waiting till the right girl came. And now she's here, she's here. I know—I know I am not worthy of you, not for a minute, but, dear, I never did a dishonorable thing in my life. Tell me there is some hope. Oh I'll wait. I'll wait.

HELEN. But—but I said I could never forgive you, D—Dick.

CARSON. Dick, Dick! You call me that! Oh I told you, you could say Dick just great. You have forgiven me, haven't you, sweetheart?

HELEN. I—I suppose so, but—

CARSON. No, no, don't say anything. You have forgiven me, and, and, you will marry me, won't you? Now don't say it is too sudden, for it isn't sudden, why I have known you for over two whole days.

HELEN. But—but—Dick, there is something I want to ask you first.

CARSON. All right, fire ahead.

HELEN. Did—did—you run the mile to-day all—  
all for Old Eli?

CARSON. For Old Eli, and—and you.

*(She jumps up and takes his hand.)*

HELEN. Oh come on, let's dance.

*(They start out L.)*

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